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HAWAII UNDER ANNEXATION, By Ex-President Dole

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY TWO CENTURIES AGO—CUPID OR IROQUOIS?

DRAWN BY PETER S. NEWELL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

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Politics and Expansion

THE leading question of public policy raised by the peace treaty is yet to be settled. Notwithstanding the strong and bitter denunciations of the opponents of imperialism in which the advocates of the new departure have indulged, there is a good deal of trouble in the minds of these voluble Washington politicians. The President is not so sure as he was a few weeks ago that his policy is popular. He has been coming to the conclusion that popular sentiment is not always accurately represented or mirrored at the national capital. There is much heat in the air there, and a good deal of noise, but occasionally the voice of reason has its sway for a moment, and the noise has been sufficiently stilled to permit the people who pay the taxes to be heard. And they have spoken most effectively through Republicans like Representative JOHNSON of Indiana, while Speaker REED and a small group of men, including Representative WADSWORTH of New York, are intensely hostile to the colonial system, and to the militarism which must attend and uphold it. And there is no doubt that a very large number of Republicans, among them the most respected men of their party, are willing to abandon their old party if it persists in its expansion course, and to join the Democrats, if the latter will surrender every issue but that of anti-expansion and anti-imperialism.

The issues of the next campaign are forming, and the ratification of the peace treaty will commit the Republican party to imperialism. It is true that the friends of the treaty, driven by public opinion away from their original extreme views, have promised, or at least half promised, to declare by resolution that it is not the intention of the United States to retain permanent possession of the Philippines. However, like every other important question which comes before the national government, party politics plays a large part on this occasion. The strongest effort will be made by both Democratic and Republican anti-expansionists to convince the country that the annexation of the Philippines sets the seal on the imperial policy, and that Republican success hereafter will mean expansion, and the adoption of a colonial policy as a leading feature of the permanent policy of the country.

There is no doubt that the original impetus of the movement to take the Philippines was a desire entertained by some heretofore uninfluential minds to imitate the reactionary colonial movement of Continental European powers. The unpopularity of that scheme was revealed very early, and it has been abandoned by most of its advocates, only such wholly obstinate persons as Senator FRYE adhering to it. The stigma remains, however, and the ratification of the treaty unamended, and the subsequent failure to declare in favor of or to take steps for speedy self-government for the Philippine people, will certainly convince the country that the advocates of the taking of the islands have not been frank, and that they intend to revert to their colonial dreams and purposes. The adoption of the HULL bill by the majority in the House, of the provision giving the President the unprecedented discretion of adding fifty thousand men to the regular army when he alone deems such an increase of force necessary, will only strengthen this opinion, and it is within our knowledge that Congressmen are already hearing from their Republican constituents to this effect.

The opponents of this colonial policy expect that war with AGUINALDO and his Filipinos will follow the ratification of the treaty. Doubtless the whole country will at first sustain the administration in such a war; but it is expected that the war will be long and harassing, and that it will be accompanied by cruel disasters by reason of the character of the climate and physical conditions in the Philippines, to the first of which our troops are not accustomed, while the distances between the islands, and the methods of warfare which are employed by the savage natives, will render orderly and effective campaigns against them wellnigh impossible. Then will come the burdens of taxation, rendered necessary by the military occupation of these distant islands. It is a significant feature of the debates going on in Congress over military and naval bills, and over the resolutions touching the constitutional power of the government to acquire territory, that none of the advocates of the new policy can be induced to discuss the question of cost. They must admit that it will be considerable, if they can be brought to make any admission whatever; but they avoid the subject as if they feared it, and doubtless they are troubled by its possibilities. The fact is that the new policy will at least double taxation, and that if we are to persist in the government of the Philippines, and in attempting to meet every question of international politics that will arise out of our possession of them, Federal taxation for necessary current expenses, excluding the pension appropriations, will be at least double what they were before the Spanish war broke out. Then, too, we shall have, as we have already suggested, a great many international complications, because we shall be, in name at least, a great power among the quarrelling European powers. Add to all this the inevitable consequence of Congressional incompetency in military affairs, which will leave the Executive without the proper means for defending the national honor and the integrity of the national domain, and a state of affairs can be imagined which will lead to a revolt against the party which is responsible for it all. The people of the United States are impatient with unsuccess, and the chances are that for several years to come, at least, the efforts of this government to control the Philippines and to maintain order there will fail, partly by reason of the character of the problem, and partly by reason of the almost inevitable refusal of Congress to give the Executive a free hand, and to permit the strong and consistent policy which is absolutely necessary in the government of Asiatic people by the white race. The secret of English success in Asia lies in the intelligence and character of the agents of its government, as well as in their continuity of policy. The cause of its failures is to be traced to the interference of the legislative branch of the government—an interference from which our own Executive will suffer ten times where the Indian government of Great Britain suffers once.

The political opponents of the Republican party and the Republican opponents of Mr. MCKINLEY'S administration are therefore counting upon making the complete annexation of the Philippines the occasion for a campaign issue as to the wisdom of adopting a colonial policy, and the object-lesson is to be found in every failure of administration, civil and military, in the government of the Philippines, and in every addition to the burden of taxation. It will be a false friend of the administration who does not warn it against impending danger, and a false friend of the country who does not urge the President to do all in his power—by ridding the government of the insoluble problems which will be presented by our attempt to follow in the footsteps of defeated Spain—to prevent a revolt that will inure to the benefit of the Democratic party.

CONGRESS, in its usual manner, has been displaying its incapacity to deal with the military and naval establishments of the government. It is said by those who believe in fancies instead of facts that by adding to our responsibilities we shall rise to them. It is true that whenever the responsibility rests directly upon the people, the response is all that can be desired. It is also true that when the responsibility rests upon the representatives of the people—that is, upon the government—there is no sign whatever that the politicians who wield the political power have any capacity whatever to rise to responsibilities—either new or old.

If ever there was an opportunity given to these gentlemen to meet the expectations and the needs of the country it is now, and in connection with bills for the improvement of the army and navy. Whether we retain or drop the Philippine Islands, we have need of increased army and navy establishments, while we have seen demonstrated the defective character of the staff of the army, and the admirable character of the instructed officers of the line of the army and the navy. One would suppose, in view of existing conditions, and of the serious needs of the country, that we should see Congress endeavoring at last to pass intelligent and patriotic bills for the increase and improvement of both services. But what do we really see?

So far as the army is concerned, a bill has passed the House of Representatives which, it is true, increases the army, but which also exaggerates all the evils upon which the recent war threw so strong a light that military experts admit that if the United States forces had faced a first, or even a second-rate European power they must have met with temporary defeat. To state the defect of the bill briefly, it is full of opportunity for "pulls." It is made for the appointment and promotion of civilians, and not for the establishment of an efficient military force. There is hardly a man among its intelligent advocates who will not admit that it is the worst of the three leading bills, the other two being General MILES'S and Representative MCCLELLAN'S bills. It opens the door for vast abuses through the appointment of civilian sons and grandsons to offices, and it contains the grave fault of permitting the President to add 50,000 men to the army in his own discretion. It is a bill made to catch votes, and to permit Congress to evade its responsibility.

The navy personnel bill should have been passed before the outbreak of the war, but Congress did not rise to its responsibility even in the face of the enemy; and now the Senate, the House having finally passed the measure, has added a provision permitting the President to appoint civilians to the service under certain limitations, none of them relating to professional capacity. Fancy adding landsmen to the list of officers of the navy! Fancy adding young men who have served a few months on a gunboat in the recent war; their admission to the service retarding or preventing the advancement of younger officers who have prepared themselves for their profession by long and arduous work at the Naval Academy!

This is the manner in which Congress rises to its responsibilities where the military services are concerned. One might think that these facts would give a pause to the optimists, but they will not. We learn by experience in this country, and always demand our own experience.

THE death of Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, librarian of the Congressional Library, has attracted the attention of the spoilsmen to the good place thus made vacant. They are swarming about the honey. They are buzzing about the ears of the President. They are settling around Senators and Representatives who are supposed to possess influence. The place is said by most to "belong" to the Republican party; by others, to Pennsylvania, and therefore to QUAY, because Mr. YOUNG was a Pennsylvanian; by others still, to the newspaper men, and by preference to the newspaper men of Washington, because Mr. YOUNG was of them.

It is only in select and exclusive, and therefore excluded, circles in Washington that one hears of the needs and interests of the Library, or of the interests and concerns of art and letters. The Library as a repository of books and works of art has long been under inexpert care. There is one man, we are told, who is the brother of a Senator, appointed as an assistant—of course by the influence of the Senator—who, after painful toil on the part of his mentor in the Library, has at last learned to sort books by their color. Mr. YOUNG wanted Congress to give him an appropriation for an assistant who would be an expert in art, especially familiar with prints, in order that the great collection of engravings and etchings in the possession of the Library might be properly cared for. No sooner is he dead than an assistant, a candidate for the successorship, announces that there is no necessity for such an expert. In the mean time the collection is in charge of a person who knows nothing of the subject, but who, we admit, is conscientious, for she has lately been seeking the title of some elementary work on prints. She knows nothing of schools, or different kinds of engravings, such as mezzotint, or stipple, or line. She has no intimacy with etchings, but she solves her difficulties by sorting the plates according to size.

This collection of books and works of art is a national collection, and should be under the charge of trained persons, as the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale are. A man may be a Republican, or even a Pennsylvanian, or even a newspaper man, and be fit for the librarianship, but there is no reason to suspect his fitness from his proficiency in either of these trades. The President ought to look first for a trained librarian. If he cannot procure one, let him try to find a man of letters who, if he possess executive ability, will surround himself with expert assistance.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

A CONTEMPORARY newspaper writer has made a column of pleasant reading by forecasting the great increase in the pleasure of living in New York that will follow the disuse of the horse as a motive power for vehicles. He points out that although the use of cables and electricity for hauling street cars has turned a great number of horses out of town, and the increasing prevalence of electric cabs and delivery wagons implies the departure of many more, horses are still used for the trucking and heavy work of the city, as well as for a vast amount of other work, and the spread of asphalt is limited by the necessity of leaving in many streets and avenues the stone pavement which is required for work too heavy for asphalt. But when the autotrucks prevail and do the heavy work of the town, and contrivances of compressed air or electricity have superseded horses for that, as they promise to for most other uses, then stone pavements may be abolished altogether. The smooth pavements which succeed them may be kept much cleaner than it is possible to keep block pavements. The dirt which now comes with traffic will be largely done away with, and the horses themselves will have ceased, in great measure, to augment the labor of the street-cleaners. There will be no dust then, or at least not very much. Lines of horseless stages will supplement the street cars, and the clamor of trucks and wagons jarring with steel-shod wheels over stones will have departed. A clean city will influence the people who live in it to an increased cleanliness. It may even be that folks will no longer spit on the floors of street cars and on the pavements, and much of all this transformation may be reasonably hoped for in the course of ten years.

It is delightful to think how clean the cities will be when the changes already fast progressing are complete, and the horseless wagon has driven out the horse. Nice people must remember, however, that cities have other means of defilement besides the horse, and that the great work of dismissing filth from the sidewalks will still be incomplete until some genius has attained to the solution of the problem of the dogless dog. The natural dog, designed by the Creator, is, like the natural horse, a delightful creature in the country, and fit to be the friend of rural man; but for street use in town the dogless dog is one of the most vociferous wants of the time. No doubt we shall have him presently, but meanwhile, even if we get rid of the horse, we must walk circumspectly when we walk abroad.

MAGISTRATE POOL of the Morrisania Court, of New York, has turned the Bible out of his court. He is quoted as saying: "I won't swear any one on the Bible, or tell them to kiss it. There is no law to compel any one to do so. In court all manner of persons kiss the Bible, which in such places becomes a breeder of disease." So hereafter he will swear folks in his court by having them hold up their hands.

Court Bibles cannot be nice kissing, and a police-court Bible after a day's work must be a thing to be handled with tongs. There may be, and probably are, persons who feel that they can speak more truthfully after kissing the Book, and perhaps for them a Bible ought to be available. But the habitual kissing of Bibles in court is a dreary and unsanitary performance which ought to fade out of every court just as soon as civilization in that locality reaches a point where it can be spared. Oaths made by placing the hand on the Bible, or by holding up the hand, or by whatever form most influences the witness's mind, are just as effective and just as binding as those in which the Bible is kissed. In spite of the higher criticism, the Bible means a great deal to the average man, and perhaps its presence in courts is useful, but the formal kissing of it by witnesses is a fit custom to abolish.

IT is cheering to read that while some folks are mindful of the needs of the poor, others are taking thought to ameliorate the distresses of the rich. Rich and poor alike are liable to damage from drink and the various temptations of city life, but the rich suffer greatly from at least one serious evil which presses somewhat more lightly on the poor. The bane of rich people is taxes. It is rumored that a project for the relief of some of them is about to take form in the shape of a municipality in New Jersey, near Morristown, where rich men may go and live and govern themselves. The idea is a novel one, and wholly contrary to the usual practice, according to which the taxes in communities are assessed, levied, and spent by persons who have time to devote to public affairs, and are paid by persons whose private business, though remunerative, is engrossing. If the New Jersey Legislature will incorporate the new borough which is wanted, the rich gentlemen who live in it hope to be able to run it to suit themselves, and to have a voice in determining not only what taxes shall be levied, but how they shall be spent.

THERE would seem to be obvious wisdom in the announced intention of the Manhattan Club to abandon the A. T. Stewart house on Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue and seek shelter in the club-house on Madison Square which the University Club is about to leave. Just what the Manhattan Club stands for in politics is a little dubious in these days, but as a social organization it seems bound to better itself as well as to save much money by the intended change.

Still more interesting, though somewhat less credible, is the report that the Manhattan's rival, the Democratic Club, has determined to throw its house open from ten to five daily to the wives, daughters, and sisters of members. This new departure, it is said, will date from February 11. If the plan be carried out, Mr. Croker and his friends will set a very interesting example to their fellow-clubmen in New York, and one which may possibly be found deserving of imitation. So far as is known, the New York clubs on Fifth Avenue above Fiftieth Street may choose at present whether in the daytime their houses shall have women visitors or go empty.

ON January 27 the House Committee on Naval Affairs received a delegation of school-children from Cincinnati, headed by one W. Rankin Good, and introduced by Representative Grosvenor, who asked for the building of a war-vessel to be called *The American Boy*. The original plan, which was matured during the late disturbance with Spain, was to collect from school-children enough money to build a war-ship to replace the *Maine*. The undertaking proved to be too big, but $20,000 was raised, chiefly in Cincinnati, and it was the desire of Mr. Good and his delegation that this fund should be accepted by the government, and applied on the construction of a gunboat, to be named, as stated, *The American Boy*. The House Committee advised that the fund be turned over to the President, to be placed by him in the Treasury, and used in ship-construction if opportunity offered. Perhaps that is as good a way as any to dispose of the money; but has Mr. Good of Cincinnati no judicious friend to take him aside and whisper to him that it is for the interest of the school-children of Cincinnati to stick to their job, and not distract their young minds about the construction and naming of war-ships? Naval strength is surely not the sort that is ordained to be perfected out of the mouths, or the pockets, of babes and sucklings.

THE catalogue of the Architectural Exhibition of the T Square Club of Philadelphia, which ended February 2, is a document of much interest, which illustrates by more than a hundred pictures the contemporary activity of the architectural imagination in this country. In this catalogue are printed the replies of eleven distinguished American authorities on architecture to the question, "Do you as yet see any signs tending to indicate the development of an indigenous architecture in America?" The opinions expressed are more or less conflicting, but while some of them are positively negative, those that incline the other way are rather hopeful than confident. The letters which came from Chicago, St. Paul, New York, Ithaca, Boston, and Philadelphia are careful, and in some cases elaborate, expressions of opinion, and are worth attention.

"THE NEW YORK CHARITIES DIRECTORY," published by the Charity Organization Society, is out. Its field has grown with the enlargement of the city, and now that it covers Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, and Richmond, as well as Manhattan, it has grown from a volume of 516 pages in 1896 to one of 744 pages in 1899. It gives classified and descriptive lists of the philanthropic, educational, and religious resources of New York.

It is very proper that charities which depend upon the public for support, and especially those which are partly supported by taxation, should be closely watched and sharply criticised if they deserve it. An amusing instance of the performance of this form of public duty appeared the other day in the form of an attack on the Charity Organization Society, which appeared in a contemporary New York weekly, in which the unfitness of the society to exist was assumed to be demonstrated by the fact, shown in its own report, that the cost of its support was a greater sum than the whole amount of cash that it disbursed for the relief of the suffering. It seems odd that any one should venture to assail in print so well-known an institution as the Charity Organization with so meagre an equipment for his job as not to know that the society is specifically prohibited by its constitution from giving relief from its own funds. Its purpose is not itself to relieve the poor, but to promote a system of mutual help and co-operation between all charitable societies, and make them work together for good. Money does pass through the hands of the Charity Organization's agents for the relief of suffering, but that is merely incidental to its work, and is no part of its defined undertaking. So the discovery that it spends more on its own organization than it does in relief is a diverting example of the phenomenon known as a mare's nest.

BUFFALO proposes to hold a big Pan-American Exposition in 1901, primarily to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the first sale of building lots on the site of the present city by Joseph Ellicott, the agent of the Holland Land Company, and incidentally, doubtless, to enhance the market value of any Buffalo building lots that may still remain unsold. The date fixed has practical as well as sentimental reasons to recommend it. It follows the close of the World's Exposition in Paris, so that the American exhibits which come home from that show may be shipped to Buffalo and set up again for domestic consideration. To promote this enterprise Buffalo has huddled together more than a million dollars, in subscriptions ranging from $10 to $50,000. This amount it hopes to induce a grateful country and a proud State to raise to $2,500,000, and for that sum it thinks it will be able to have a nice, profitable fair. It expects to put Niagara Falls between the shafts of its enterprise, and thinks it will be a pity if it cannot get a move on a fair which will have the most notorious cataract in the world to help haul it. Dauntless Niagara seems to spill its crashing approval on the proposition, delegations are meditating advances on Washington and Albany, and we shall see what we shall see.

Buffalo is judiciously situated within 500 miles of half the population of the United States. It is cheaper to go there than to Paris, and, in Buffalo's opinion, you get to a better town when you arrive. Buffalo has several breweries, two bishops, and more miles of asphalt pavement than the people of any other American city will admit. If she has a Pan-American Fair, no doubt it will prove an edifying show.

MR. DELAND'S picture in this issue of the WEEKLY tells a story that is a hundred years old this week. Some readers may not recall that the eighteenth century was not out, nor Washington in his grave, before Uncle Sam was constrained to fight the French. The naval war of 1812 with England is far better known and remembered than the clash with France a dozen years before. The incident that Mr. DeLand has illustrated befell on February 9, 1799. The French frigate *L'Insurgente*, of the French squadron in the West Indies, was one of the two frigates that on November 20, 1798, captured Commodore Bainbridge on the *Retaliation*. She was reckoned the best sailer in the French navy, and when, a little later, she fell in with the *Constitution*, under Commodore Barry, she managed to get away. She did not fare so well with the *Constellation*, flagship of Commodore Truxtun's squadron, which chased her off the island of St. Kitt's, and brought her into close action after three hours' pursuit. They were well matched, though the *Constellation* had heavier guns. After an action of one hour and a quarter *L'Insurgente* struck her colors, having lost 20 men killed and 46 wounded. The *Constellation's* loss was 3 wounded and 1 killed, which is something like what we are used to now.

IT is admitted at New Haven that the Junior promenade was neither fiscally nor socially so exuberant a success as usual. Usually the promenade committee has a surplus after paying expenses, which it bestows for the promotion of athletics. This year it had a deficit, and has had to assess box-holders and call for subscriptions.

The explanation given is that the promenade festivities have outgrown the average Yale purse, and that the students of limited means have finally come to a practical realization that during promenade week they are clay pots swimming down the same stream with iron ones. The promenade, it seems, had gradually come to be a rich man's dance, and at last the poorer men gave up and got out. The trembling of the social fabric which has resulted may have the effect of introducing a new instalment of democratic simplicity next year.

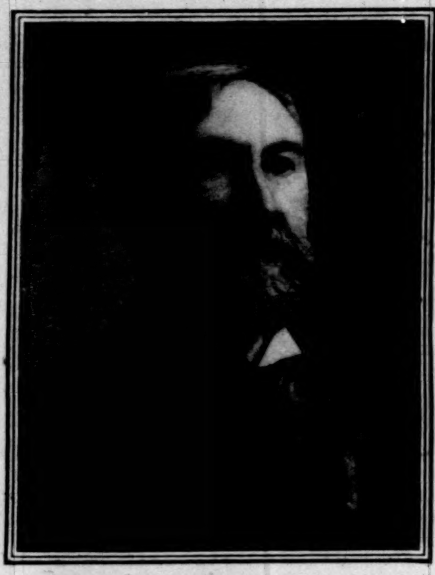
TWO lots of Doukhobors have reached Halifax on their way from Russia to Manitoba. The first band of 2300 arrived on January 20, and have doubtless before this passed on by rail to Winnipeg and their other destinations. English Quakers arranged for their transportation by sea; Canadian officials and other friends met them in Halifax. They go to St. John, and thence by the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Manitoba. They seem to be objects of the kindest solicitude in Canada, and on their journey they pass from the hands of one committee into the hands of another. A Montreal committee has been gathering thick clothes for them, to be distributed at Winnipeg, where the Canadian government has laid in supplies to make sure that they get through the winter. Many of them are vegetarians, which simplifies the problem.

The second ship-load of 2000, which reached Halifax on January 27, has been detained by small-pox, and cannot go on until they get out of quarantine. A third band, also of 2000, is on the way, or will soon start.

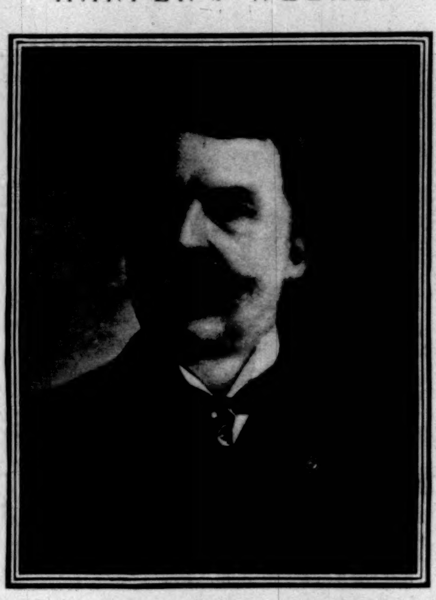
THE pictures of General Forrest which go with Dr. Wyeth's article about him in the February issue of *Harper's Magazine* represent him with his sword on his right side instead of on his left. Enquirers who have noticed this with perplexity, and have written to enquire about it, are respectfully referred to the passage in the article (p. 344) in which it is stated that Forrest was left-handed and wore his sword accordingly.

GENERAL GEORGE SEARS GREENE, who died at Morristown on January 28, was one of the famous old men of the country, being noted not only because he had attained to a great age, but for his remarkable vigor and usefulness at a time of life at which most men who reach it at all are content merely to exist. General Greene was born May 6, 1801, and was consequently nearly ninety-eight years old. Yet until within two years he was a familiar figure in New York, and was the cheery and welcome companion of men thirty or forty years younger than himself. He was graduated from West Point in 1823, and after serving for a time as instructor in the Military Academy, left the army in 1836 and became a civil engineer and railroad builder. When the civil war broke out he was connected with the aqueduct department of New York. He went to the war in 1862 as colonel of the Sixtieth New York Regiment. He was soon made a brigadier-general, served with distinction at Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Culps Hill, Gettysburg, and in other fights, and was dangerously wounded at Chattanooga. Before his retirement in 1866 he was brevetted major-general of volunteers.

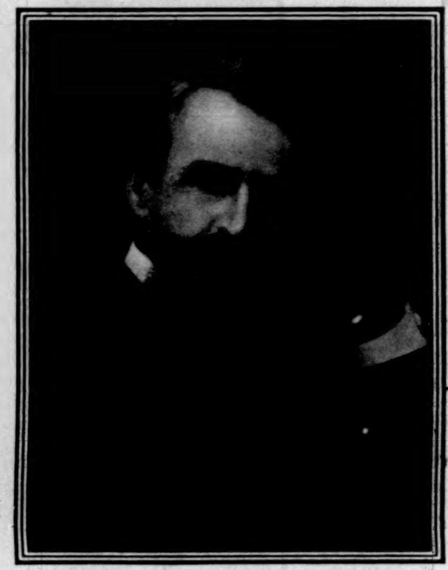
He served later as chief engineer and commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct Department in New York, and after that as chief engineer of public works in Washington. One of his three sons is General Francis V. Greene, late of our volunteer army.



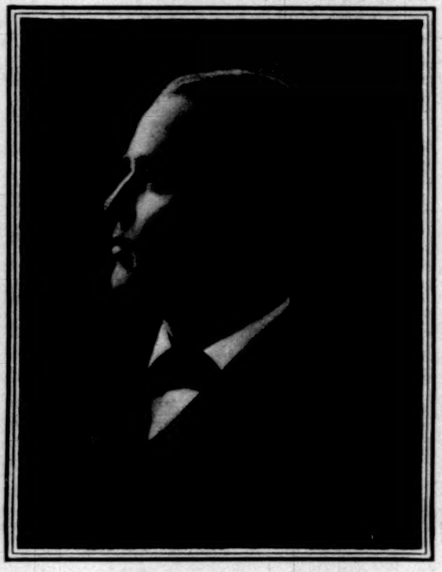
NATHAN B. SCOTT—WEST VIRGINIA.



JOSEPH V. QUARLES—WISCONSIN.



WILLIAM A. CLARK—MONTANA.



CHARLES A. CULBERSON—TEXAS.

NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS.

Four New Senators

NATHAN BAY SCOTT, who was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of West Virginia, on January 25, was born in Guernsey County, Ohio, on the 18th of December, 1842. For a few years he attended the country school near his home, but his education has been mainly acquired in the effort to master problems which had a direct bearing upon his own career. At the age of twenty he entered the United States army, and was mustered out in July, 1865. Making his home in Wheeling, West Virginia, he became an employé of the Central Glass Company, and in the course of time the ability he displayed in all details of the business led to his selection as manager, and ultimately as president of the company. The Dollar Savings Bank, the pioneer institution of its kind in the State, was organized by him in 1887; and the practical experience he acquired when, as a boy of seventeen, he was seeking his fortune in the West, has been so well utilized that he has at present large mining interests in Colorado, Nevada, and Montana. His knowledge of the resources of the country is exceptional, for it is said that he has visited every State in the Union, and studied the conditions in each more or less thoroughly.

Mr. Scott has always taken an active interest in politics. In 1880 he was a member of the Wheeling City Council; in 1882 and 1886 he was elected to the State Senate, and served as chairman of the finance committee. During the past twelve years he has represented West Virginia on the Republican National Committee, and in the last campaign he shared with Mr. Hobart and General Powell Clayton the direction of affairs from the party headquarters in New York city. The office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, which he now holds, was conferred upon him in recognition both of his qualifications for the position and of his services in securing the election of President McKinley. Mr. Scott is a member of the vestry of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church in Wheeling, and a director of the City Hospital.

ONE of the Senatorial deadlocks which have scandalized the country from Delaware to California was broken when, after seventeen days of continuous balloting, the Legislative Assembly of Montana elected William Andrews Clark, of Butte, to succeed Senator Lee Mantle. The successful candidate, who has made a great fortune in silver-mining and banking, and, more recently, in the development of copper-mines, has for years been opposed at every turn by the rival millionaire of Montana—the "Copper King," Marcus Daly. Mr. Clark's victory on January 28 marks the latest stage in a personal feud of such dimensions that, a correspondent writes, "there is not an interest or industry in the State but has felt the effect of it; it has more than once determined the election of Congressmen and Senators, and it was the determining factor in the selection of the State capital."

Mr. Clark, who is now in his sixtieth year, is a native of Connellsville, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. He studied at Laurel Hill Academy in preparation for college, but still had before him such an experience as the WEEKLY has noted in sketches of other new Senators, for when he was about sixteen years old his parents moved to a farm in Van Buren County, Iowa. There the interrupted studies were taken up again, and carried on as well as possible in the intervals of farming work. He attended the Illinois Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant, but did not graduate; and he read law, but never practised it. Reports of the discovery of gold in the Northwest attracted him, at first, to Colorado in 1862, and a year later to Bannock, Montana, where he was active as a merchant and miner, and laid the foundations of a fortune, which rumor, with its preference for superlatives, is now busily proclaiming the greatest in the West. In 1888 Mr. Clark received the Democratic nomination as Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Montana, but was defeated by the Republican nominee, Thomas H. Carter. Again, in 1893 (Montana having meantime become a State), when Mr. Clark was a candidate for the position of United States Senator, the Republicans and Daly Democrats voted together. It became impossible, therefore, to elect Mr. Clark; the Legislature was adjourned; Lee Mantle was appointed by Governor Richards, but the Senate refused to seat him, and for two years Montana had but one Senator. When the two years had passed, Mr. Mantle was elected for the short term, which expires on the 4th of next March.

In the contest which has just ended, charges of attempts to bribe have been made by both the Daly and Clark factions, and thirty $1000 bills are now a picturesque item of the evidence before the grand jury. Each side charges the other with having tried to use this money in the purchase of votes, and as the question of ownership may not be determined, Representative Geiger has supported a motion "to use the $30,000 to establish a school to educate male youths of the State in pure politics."

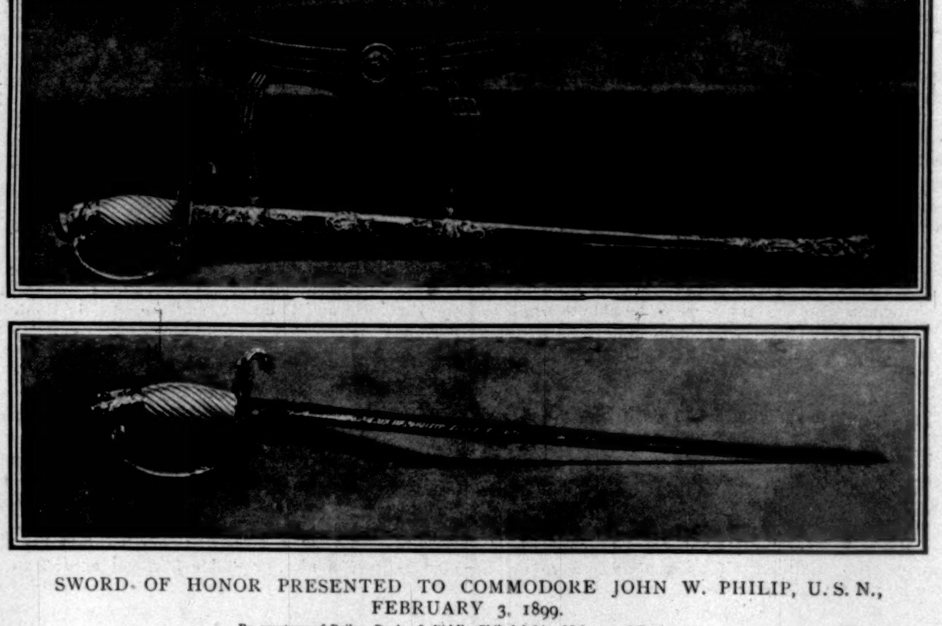
EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES A. CULBERSON received a practically unanimous vote for the office of United States Senator in the Legislature at Austin, Texas, on January 24. As Senator from Texas, Mr. Culberson succeeds Roger Q. Mills, who has served continuously in Congress since 1873, and in the Senate since 1892.

Mr. Culberson, though born in Alabama, in 1854, has been a Texan almost all his life. After graduating at the Gilmer high-school, he took a course in law at the University of Virginia, and was admitted to the bar of Texas. In 1880 he became Attorney of Madison County, and then in succession Attorney-General and Governor of the State. The public services which have especially commended him to the attention of the people of the country at large have been in connection with vigorous efforts to preserve order and enforce the laws in a State which has never had the opportunity to learn thoroughly the lesson of self-control. Among other things, he proved that his State could, on occasion, be inhospitable to a much-advertised prize-fight. During the campaign of 1896 his name was associated with a national issue, owing to the circumstance that he was the recipient of a letter from Bismarck, on bimetallism, which attracted much attention.

TO the old English name Quarles a new prominence is given by the choice of the Legislature of Wisconsin on January 31. Joseph Very Quarles, of Milwaukee, was elected United States Senator, to succeed John I. Mitchell, whose term expires on March 4. He received the solid Republican vote, the Democratic candidate being Timothy E. Ryan, of Waukesha.

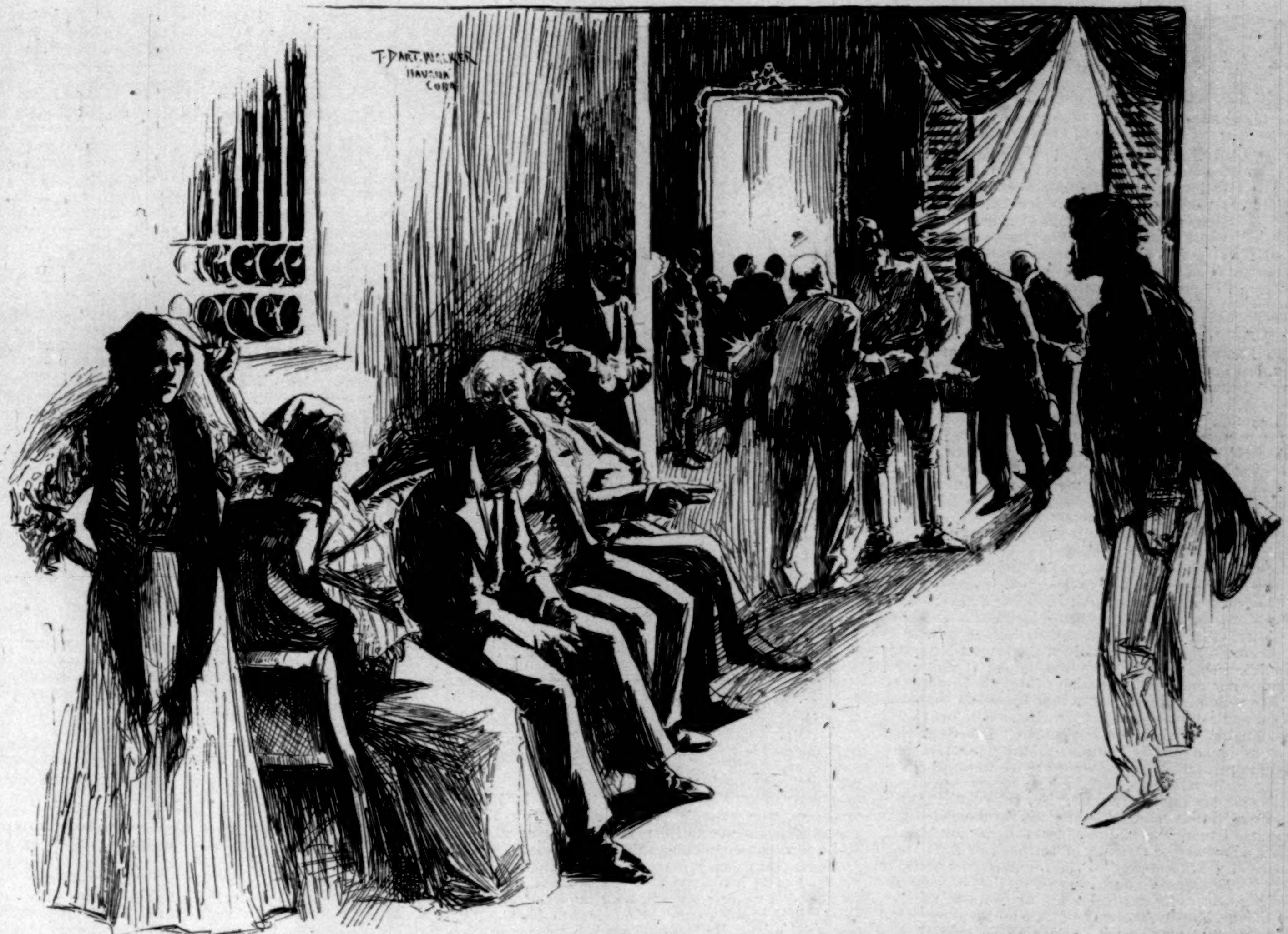
Mr. Quarles is a successful lawyer, and in public life is distinguished as a man who, by saying little himself, has given to others occasion and opportunity to speak in his favor. He has seemed to be the quiet "man behind the guns" in the politics of Wisconsin. Unlike the three new Senators who have been mentioned above, he is a native of the State which has delighted to honor him; in fact, his father was one of the early settlers of Wisconsin. He was born at Southport (now Kenosha) on December 16, 1843, studied at the Kenosha high-school until he was seventeen, and then began to teach, so that he might earn money to continue his own education. In his nineteenth year he entered the University of Michigan, but left college to enlist in the Thirty-ninth Wisconsin Volunteers. Returning to Ann Arbor at the close of the war, he was graduated with the class of 1866, spent a year at the university Law School, and then, finishing his law studies at Kenosha, was admitted to the bar in 1868. He was elected District Attorney of Kenosha County and Mayor of Kenosha, and represented the same district as Assemblyman and Senator in the State Legislature. For a number of years he practised law in Racine, and since 1888 has been a resident of Milwaukee.

MARRION WILCOX.



SWORD OF HONOR PRESENTED TO COMMODORE JOHN W. PHILIP, U. S. N., FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

By courtesy of Bailey, Banks, & Biddle, Philadelphia—Makers and Designers.



HAVANA—OFFICE-SEEKERS WAITING TO SEE THE MILITARY GOVERNOR.
Drawn by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in Cuba.

HAVANA—SPANISH FAMILIES PREPARING TO EMBARK WITH THEIR BELONGINGS FOR SPAIN.
Drawn by George Bruestle after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in Cuba.

MUSIC

SOME WOMEN-SINGERS IN OPERA

"The singing singers, with vocal voices, in sweet vociferation."
—HENRY CAREY.

MLLE. BAUERMEISTER, whose familiar countenance meets the reader on this page, I believe to be the *doyenne* of Mr. Grau's present operatic confraternity. More than that, I suspect that this ever-busy and ever-youthful little lady is just now the *doyenne* of New York's active operatic personnel. There was something of the same surprise and amusement in considering this possibility that came to some of us a few years ago when M. Clarétie made it clear (I mean no pun) that Mlle. Suzanne Reichenberg was the lady in senior service at the Théâtre Français. There were several older artists of her sex, but none who had been in the House of Molière so long. In fact, there is a good deal of physical likeness between Mlle. Bauermeister and the sprightly French actress named; and when the latter withdrew last March from her professional career there was a striking likeness also in their usefulness and professional relationships to their respective managements. Mlle. Reichenberg in her early teens began playing the "young-girl" rôles. She kept on playing them season by season, until identified to the last with a long catalogue of them. She could always "look" them; she built up a vast repertory at the Français; she was more in demand than any other woman artist of her theatre; and now she has retired, leaving no one quite her successor. In like manner, when in her teens, Mlle. Bauermeister began singing the sober and self-sacrificing *confidantes*, the elderly ladies of opera. She soon did them so well that she had committed herself forever to just that speciality. She has edified the largest repertory of any living singer that I can recall; and if she really carries out her professed intention of quietly leaving the stage this season, Mlle. Bauermeister leaves no singer as equipped and as invaluable for Mr. Grau's comfort in the storms or calms of his operatic pilotage. I suspect that many of us do not exactly know Mlle. Bauermeister's voice or foreign operatic history, so used are we to meeting her in merely our own seasons, protean, busy in any capacity of her indispensable support to stars. For information, then, I beg to record that Mlle. Bauermeister, the daughter of a German gentleman, who suddenly lost fortune and health, made her début at the ripe age of thirteen, in Hamburg, her native city. She started by singing *Astrifiammante* in Mozart's "The Magic Flute," wearing on the occasion her first long gown. Her musical teaching came in regular classes of the Royal Academy of Music, London. Her special protectress was Teresa Tietjens, whom Mlle. Bauermeister regards as her operatic godmother. Her career has been chiefly a part of London and New York operatic story. In fact, Mlle. Bauermeister considers herself half an English woman and half an American. I recall her first assistance here—never mind the year—I think, as *Frasquita* in "Carmen"; it was under Colonel Mapleson's régime. She has kept on singing with a vast popularity in two cities, and with an artistic usefulness exceptional for a singer never making the least pretence to be a prima donna, and never conducting herself otherwise than with that modesty, discretion, and conscientiousness special to her. Mlle. Bauermeister's voice, originally a high soprano, is a full mezzo, employed with excellent method. She is said to be able (I dare say she is so) and willing to sing any part, from *Martha* in "Faust" to *Falstaff* or *John of Leyden.* If Mr. Grau ever should produce Rossini's ludicrous opera "I Due Bruschini," where the soprano sings bass, and the bass soprano, then we may finally reach the full measure of the available gifts of this esteemed little artist. Incidentally, Mlle. Bauermeister is the only singer whose illness or health comes near to stopping and setting going the operatic clock in two great cities.

Mathilde Bauermeister.

Madame Suzanne Adams has maintained the wisdom of Mr. Grau's choice of another American soprano for such use and advancement in his company as opportunity and ability may allow. Madame Adams (only lately "Madame") is of Cambridge, Massachusetts, but for many years of musical training, and two or three of public singing, has been living with friends in Paris, studying under M. Jacques Bouhy or under her professional engagements. Her début was in the temporary home of the Opéra Comique (since midwinter it is called the "Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt") in 1894, as *Juliette.* She has sung in several of the more important seasons of the Meridional and other theatres of opera, as well as at Covent Garden in 1898. She has now sung enough here to enable New-Yorkers to judge of her characteristics as a young artist, and they invite cordial recognition. Madame Adams has a voice by no means an extraordinary one in height or strength or volume. But it is a soprano of beautiful quality, of an evenness of timbre not ordinary, and the tuition of M. Bouhy does credit to his method and to Madame Adams. She sings well. Madame Adams is not always safe in her pitch, and there are two or three notes in at least one register that need particular care. For all that, the voice itself sounds as one likely to develop much in fibre and accuracy; the remedy for any present defects should be speedy. *Juliette*, at present, is the best rôle in which Madame Adams comes before the public. Aside from the charm of a really girlish personality pervading it—that element so different from stage youth, that charm which no rouges, no perruque-dealer, no corsetière can supply—Madame Adams sings this part with a kind of sentiment happily in balance with the traits that Shakspere and Gounod successively had fused into it. Her *Marguerite* in "Faust," though much praised by the Parisians, lacks in tragic emotionality. We are not apt, nowadays, to consider the distinctions; but if one compares *Marguerite* with *Juliette*, too many traits of tragedy unite in the former part for exposition by any young artist, unless she be a genius indeed. We must find Goethe, and more than Goethe. We must watch a girl's fearful discovery that she loves; we must meet the self-forgetfulness and the self-abandonment of a nature that never has been so deeply stirred. We must have overstrained agony of conscience, a dread of love's perfidy, then shame and disgrace and the sense of blood-guilt twice earned, the terror of eternal perdition, and *Marguerite's* moments of madness, of lucidity, and of her wild grasp at salvation in instants that are life's last ones. These strings are not to be touched by young hands in a way to move us. But *Juliette*—she has only to be a creature of four aspects to us—innocent of love, wholly in love, terrified with a sudden danger to love that she as suddenly can dismiss when *Frère Laurence* propounds his scheme of the potion, and last, a girl-wife really so bewildered by despair that she does not know or care for life or death. Young singers, as a rule, can find in the lesser demands of the rôle of *Juliette* just the acting and singing that best suits them, rather than in Gounod's opera. Madame Adams is a graceful and intelligent example of the distinction. In a few years her claims and powers should put her in a different attitude toward the other severer and less familiar impersonations.

Suzanne Adams.

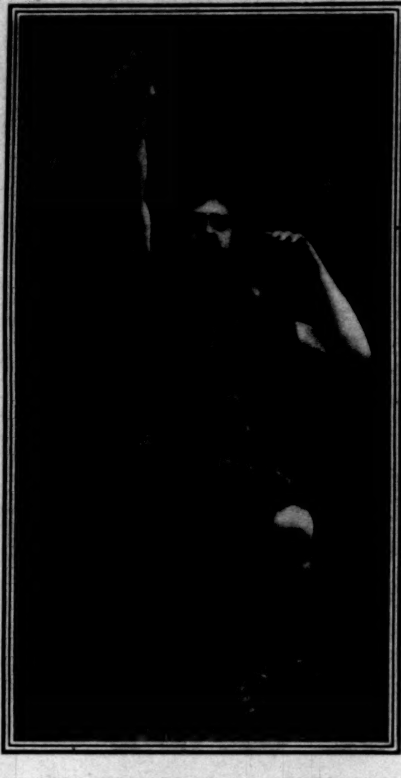
Madame Emma Eames has proceeded successfully, and ever with much dignity of movement, into the highway of Wagnerian personification. She has left behind her many traits which only three seasons ago seemed likely to stand in the way of more than merely her *succès d'estime* as *Elsa, Elizabeth, Sieglinde*, and so on; and she now holds a place among truly dramatic Wagnerian soprani of the first merit of any nationality on any stage. There are two sorts of acting in opera, as in the other theatre. One sort suggests more than it actually, in detail, depicts; the other kind works out every histrionic point vehemently, as if convinced of the theory that the public has no imagination whatever. Berlioz laid down this last theory, and not without good cause. But there are publics and publics. Madame Eames has always adhered to the more academic, classic, and reserved method of acting. She is an operatic actress after the school of France at Paris, where facial expression, gestures, and poses are employed with a *finesse* not always of broad effect, but carefully measured—in the high sense of the word, harmonious with the character—and not aiming at making an operatic audience regard the artist more as an actress than as in her responsibility as a singer. Proportion is of the essence of French acting in opera. If people find it "cold" now and then, if they cannot cipher out its wise conservatisms, the mistake is in their apprehension, not in the school. There is no reason to blame temperaments for more or less than their real ingredients. To the French stage of operatic tragedy there ever remains something of the old histrionism of the great ancient theatres of fashionable Gaul, the stages of Marseilles and Narbonne and Nimes under the antique Roman impresarii. The best French acting is the best acting in the world, because it inherits and keeps a Latin quality even more than does theatrical Italy itself. Madame Eames as *Sieglinde* presents a study that enhances Wagner æsthetically. For that matter, in "Die Walküre," Mr. Van Dyck, the Belgian (a good deal of a Frenchman in practical acting), is a *Siegmund* never lacking in force of personification, but with, every now and then, a finish of dramatic art far too rare among Wagnerian heroic tenors. It is not out of place, as a by-the-bye, to remark that Madame Eames, in spite of her care, is showing vocally just now a bit of that influence of the Wagnerian repertory detrimental to finished singing in rôles by Gounod and Bizet. She is using more voice and a less steady and pure tone than that for which of old she was so admirable and admired. The danger of Wagner to artists of such gifts includes the important one of a dulling of a singer's sense of dynamics in music that is more lyrical than heroical. And it is a danger despite all the foolish enthusiasts that deny it.

Madame Emma Eames.

The Castle Square Opera Company during the fortnight have been presenting Donizetti's "Lucia" with capital musical effect. Miss Yvonne de Treville is one of the very few singers hereabouts who, as *Lucia Ashton*, can look the part of that timorous heroine—and she sings *Lucia's* florid or melancholy musings with equal pathos and brilliancy, albeit a bad diction. But, most wonderful to record, the costumes in this "Lucia" are proper to the period! Mr. Temple, the authority at the American Theatre, has offered this rare civility to Donizetti and to Scott by taking no small care in the Astor Library and elsewhere. The result is that most of the men in the presentation really appear as if they had walked out of canvases by Vandyke; and the women in many instances are obviously quite in the Scotch modes of 1666, save for their coiffures, which are not in the flowing and undulant fashion affected in the period in France and imported to North Britain. I have seen "Lucia" dressed as if it were "Faust," and "Martha" staged with a tinge of "Lohengrin" gear. Perhaps "La Traviata" will be rehabilitated as well as sung at the American. Miss Olga Nethersole is following the recent Continental reform of the costumes in "Camille," and leads the way for Mr. Savage and Mr. Grau and Mr. Ellis. I do not know how Mr. Charley, down in New Orleans, costumes his "La Traviata." The next operas at the American will be "H.M.S. Pinafore," with "I Pagliacci." The four-hundredth performance of the company occurs this week. New American singers are entering into service at the American Theatre, one of them Miss Laura Millard, whose portrait is below.

"Lucia," by the Castle Square Company.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON



ERNEST VAN DYCK, AS *SIEGMUND.*

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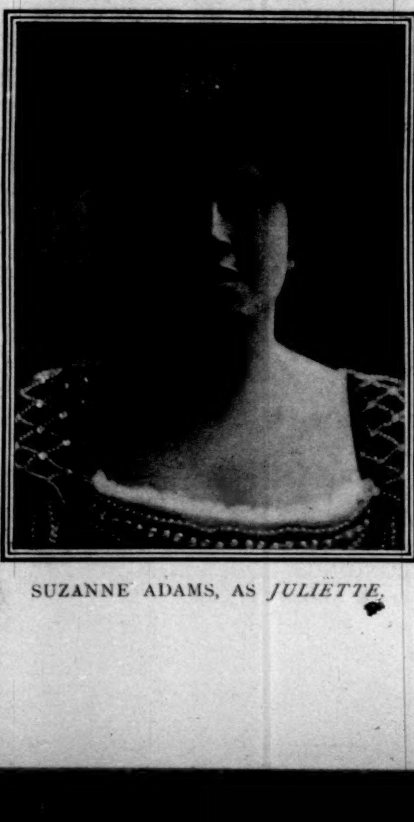

SUZANNE ADAMS, AS *JULIETTE.*

MATHILDE BAUERMEISTER.

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LAURA MILLARD.

DRAMA

MR. JAMES A. HERNE is about the most curious figure in the American drama; and his new play at the Herald Square Theatre, "The Rev. Griffith Davenport," which he has adapted from Miss Helen H. Gardener's novel *An Unofficial Patriot*, has all of his curious qualities. If any one were to say to him that the piece lacks dramatic unity, dramatic situations and development, and dramatic climaxes, he would doubtless answer that he knew it well enough, and had never tried for any of these things. He has merely aimed to put on the boards a series of passages from real life, and to represent with artistic truth the characters of real men and women. His people are the members of a Virginia family that is divided against itself by the issues of the civil war. The *Rev. Griffith Davenport, Circuit Rider*, is a Southern slaveholder, who attempts to free his slaves, and who votes for Lincoln. He fails to inspire the slaves with any real love of liberty, and because of his political principles his neighbors force him to seek refuge in the North. One of his sons enters the Confederate army, another the Federal army. His wife follows him North; but when, at Lincoln's urgent appeal, he undertakes to guide the Federal army in its campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley, where he has always lived, she leaves him and returns to her home, now a Confederate hospital, to nurse the wounded. While in the service of the North, *Davenport* is captured by his Confederate son, and taken to his old home, where, as it happens, he is reunited with his wife. As a series of events, this is all interesting enough, but numberless passages in the action are irrelevant, and there is no informing principle, no idea that gives coherence to the whole. Yet the successive events are so significant historically, and so truly presented, that at times the play rises to the pitch of artistic creation. In a leisurely and discoursive manner one is shown about all there is to see in plantation life and character, and receives a full, strong impression, both of the temporal extenuations of slavery and of its eternal wrongs. In a few quiet passages, full of home feeling and affectionate charm, one realizes what the war meant to Southern families, and in other passages what it meant to the established political order. In the main the play is quiet, humorous, sincere, deeply intelligent, and artistic. If any one wishes to realize to the full the conventionality of what usually passes for dramatic structure, and the shallowness of the usual stage climaxes, let him go to see Mr. Herne.

An Essay in Stage Realism.

This is not to say that Mr. Herne has altogether profited by ignoring the usual conventions of the stage. Far be it from me to object to a play for lacking unity of motive; I merely depose that I didn't see what many of the passages were about, if indeed they were about anything. To object that it lacked climaxes would be to confess inappreciation of the author's intention, but one is forced to admit that the play was monotonous to a degree. To suggest that the managers would realize more at the box-office if the author had realized less on the stage, would be to affront the sacred cause of realism; but many an honest soul in the audience was wearied by the maze of inconsequent detail. I must admit, though I do not pretend to be an honest soul, that I came away from "The Rev. Griffith" with a new respect for all those qualities of dramatic structure the names of which are so tediously familiar. If you ask a thousand or so of people to come to hear you during three or four hours, it is both considerate and prudent to have something definite and inevitable to say to them, to vary the manner of your saying it so that their attention will not be wearied, and to say it so simply and consecutively that the mind is led irresistibly from the first word to the last. "Shore Acres" was successful, most deservedly so, in spite of similar eccentricities, because of its homely humor, its truth and sweetness of feeling. The same qualities are in "The Rev. Griffith Davenport," but it is a question whether they are strong enough to survive the peculiarities of their dramatic presentation. If they are not, we have a just complaint against Mr. Herne because he has hidden his light in a bushel; for his light is a pure light, and, if well trimmed and reflected, is a light of unusual power.

The Conventionalities and the Conventions of the Stage.

The acting of Mr. and Mrs. Herne, as well as of their company, which has evidently been trained carefully and intelligently in accordance with their methods, reminds one in many ways of the acting Duse has made known to us, but it is scarcely of the same kind. Duse is restrained, temperate, well modulated, but she is always fluent and expressive; she never tries to escape from the fact that she is a part of a world of shifting scenery and of foot-lights. She respects the limitation of her medium, and takes advantage of all its possibilities of utterance. Mr. Herne and his people would try to convince us that we are in the same street with them, or the same room; and, as if conscious of an alien presence, they deal rather with the repression of feeling than with its utterance. Mr. Herne appears never to have an emotion of the kind that speaks. Mrs. Herne's utterance is less hampered, and therefore more appealing, though still far from being positively expressive. Their acting tends toward monotony as clearly as the more usual type of acting tends toward undue emphasis, and it is as inevitably based on an artistic convention. Yet, granting their convention of repression, the depth of feeling they portray is marvellous. In the first act, by some subtle magic, Mr. Herne, without the movement of a limb, and almost without changing a line in his face, acquaints his audience with every stage of a long hard struggle between his goodness of heart and his resolve never to buy or sell a slave; it is as if his features were transparent to his soul. And when the time comes for *Davenport* and *Mrs. Davenport* to part, the cumulation of repressed, or half-repressed, emotion is overwhelming. In its best moments his art has a richness of humor and a truth of feeling impossible except to the highest order of creative power.

Repression and Utterance in Acting.

CISSY LOFTUS IMPERSONATING YVETTE GUILBERT.

Mr. Edgar Smith's burlesque of "Catherine" at Weber & Fields's is not only most excellent nonsense, but it has the rare virtue of sticking closely to the original. Mr. Smith has taken his cue from the fact that, as played by Miss Russell, *Catherine* was up against it pretty hard; and he represents her as a young woman (Miss Fay Templeton) who is happy only when she is suffering because of others. Her little brothers (Messrs. Weber and Fields) spend their lives with rare devotion in playing horse with her and with her ducal connections. Her sister *Blanche* (Miss Rose Beaumont) is pining away because *Catherine* doesn't have to work at all on her account—in spite of the cigarette habit she has a constitution stronger than the constitution of the United States, and she receives twenty dollars a dozen for making pin-wheels. Her father (Mr. Dave Warfield), though too lazy to annoy *Catherine* by playing the piano, has an automobile box, for which he wearily consents to turn over the leaves of music. To eke out her miseries, *Catherine* gives lessons on the sewing-machine; and she promises to marry *George Mantelpiece* in the hope of having to support him, but discards him for the *Duc de Coocoo* in the very rational hope that she will have to work harder to support a noble husband. The minor incidents in the play are very successfully perverted. *Catherine's* father (Mr. Dave Warfield), in his consternation (*à la* Mr. Le Moyne) at the visit from the *Duchess*, brings out the stove for her to sit on, and places her feet in a bath of hot water, which she graciously shares with him. In the second act he develops the scissors habit, and spends his time in snipping the fringe off the furniture and hangings. The part of the *Duchess* is taken with great unction by Mr. Peter F. Dailey. Mrs. Le Moyne's worried look, which is very cleverly imitated, Mr. Dailey explains by a constant anxiety as to whether her acting is really natural. When she (*i. e.*, Mr. Dailey) has finally arranged that the *Duke* shall marry *Catherine*, she smirks at him and says, "Are you hungry?" He answers, "No, mother: are you?" "Not a bit," she says; "let's both go out and take a drink." Miss Mabel Fenton, in travesty of Miss De Wolfe's *Hélène*, beseeches the *Duke* to let her support him for an hour and a quarter of his life. He asks, "Why the quarter?" She answers, "Just for a little change." Then *Catherine* comes in, waving her palms before her, and cries, "You may keep the change!" In make-up and manner the various actors have kept as close to the original as Mr. Smith has done in his book. There is little or no vulgarity, and the low comedy of Messrs. Weber and Fields and their company keeps the audience in intermittent convulsions for an hour. The play is, to be sure, "a little bunch of nonsense," but it hits off a real work of art with unerring aptness and good-humor, and to any one to whom *Catherine* is a trifle stale it might easily suggest more of its quality and charm than another hearing of the original production. The burlesques of Messrs. Weber & Fields have added a delight to the theatrical world of New York of a kind that probably cannot be found in any other English-speaking community.

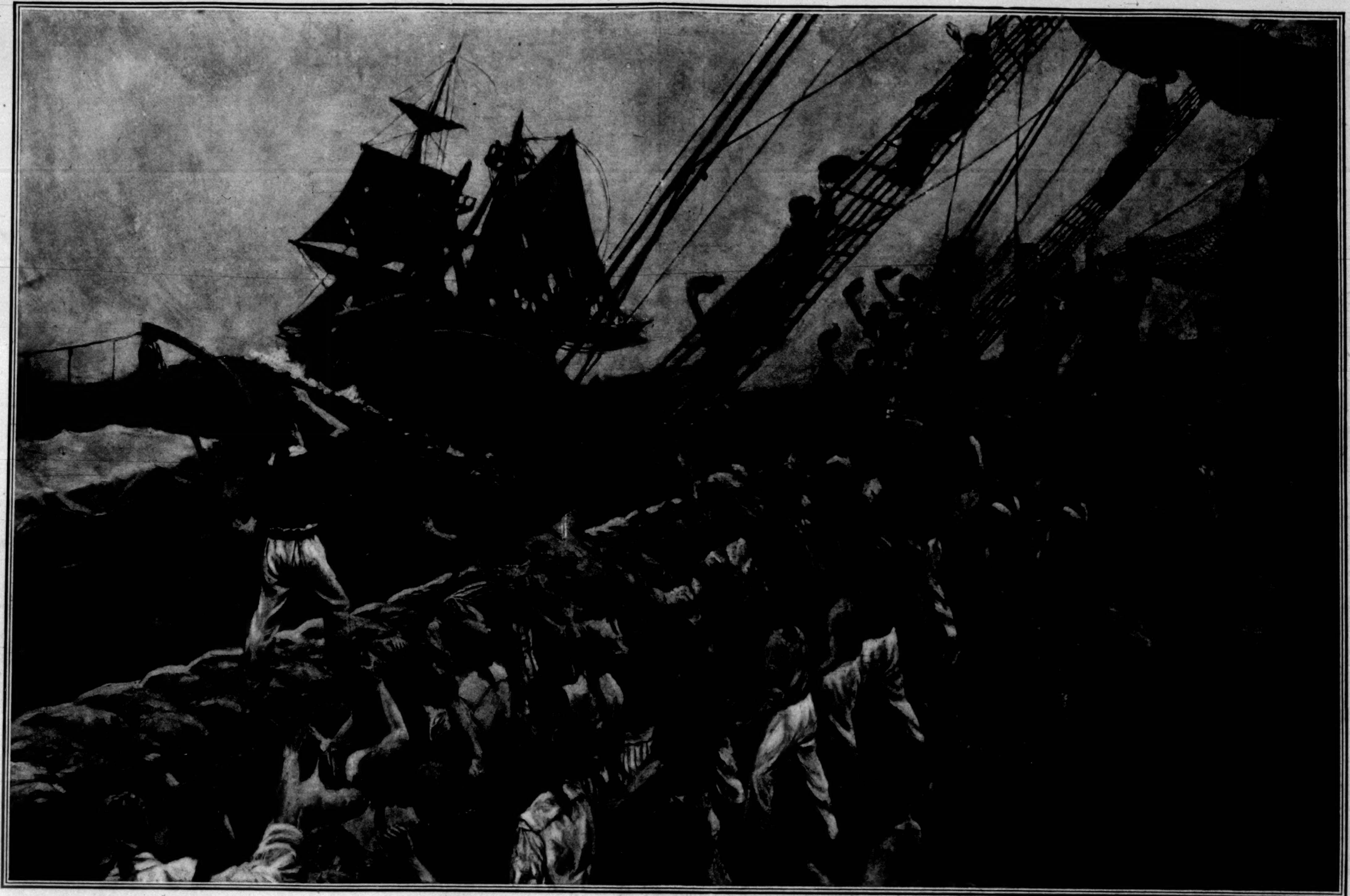
Another Little Bunch of Nonsense at Weber & Fields's.

The idea of costuming "La Dame aux Camélias" in the fashion of its period, 1840-50, has the virtue of emphasizing the fact that the play belongs to a generation of more abundant petticoats and sentiments. In 1867, some twenty years after it was written, Dumas indited a long preface, which people have taken as implying that there is a problem in the play; but one has only to see those scoop-shovel hats, those peg-top trousers, and shirt-fronts soufflés, or whatever you call them, to know it ain't so. "Camille," as we call it, is the work of a young man who discovered that vice can be as genteel (that is the crinoline word) as virtue can be repulsive. His heart melted, and he wrote all about it in a play. Later he wrote better plays, that deal with real, inevitable social forces, grinding up against each other to the destruction of the weaker. *Marguerite Gautier* is the heroine of a sentimental romance. It was a cough that carried her off. As a work of intellect and art, *Mrs. Tanqueray* is far better. That is not saying that it will hold the stage longer. At *Mrs. Tanqueray* you can do with one handkerchief; "Camille" is a two-handkerchief play. Miss Nethersole's *Marguerite* has much the virtues and defects of her *Tanqueray*. Its muscularity does not fit the cough, but then its frills are quite in line with the crinoline. JOHN CORBIN.

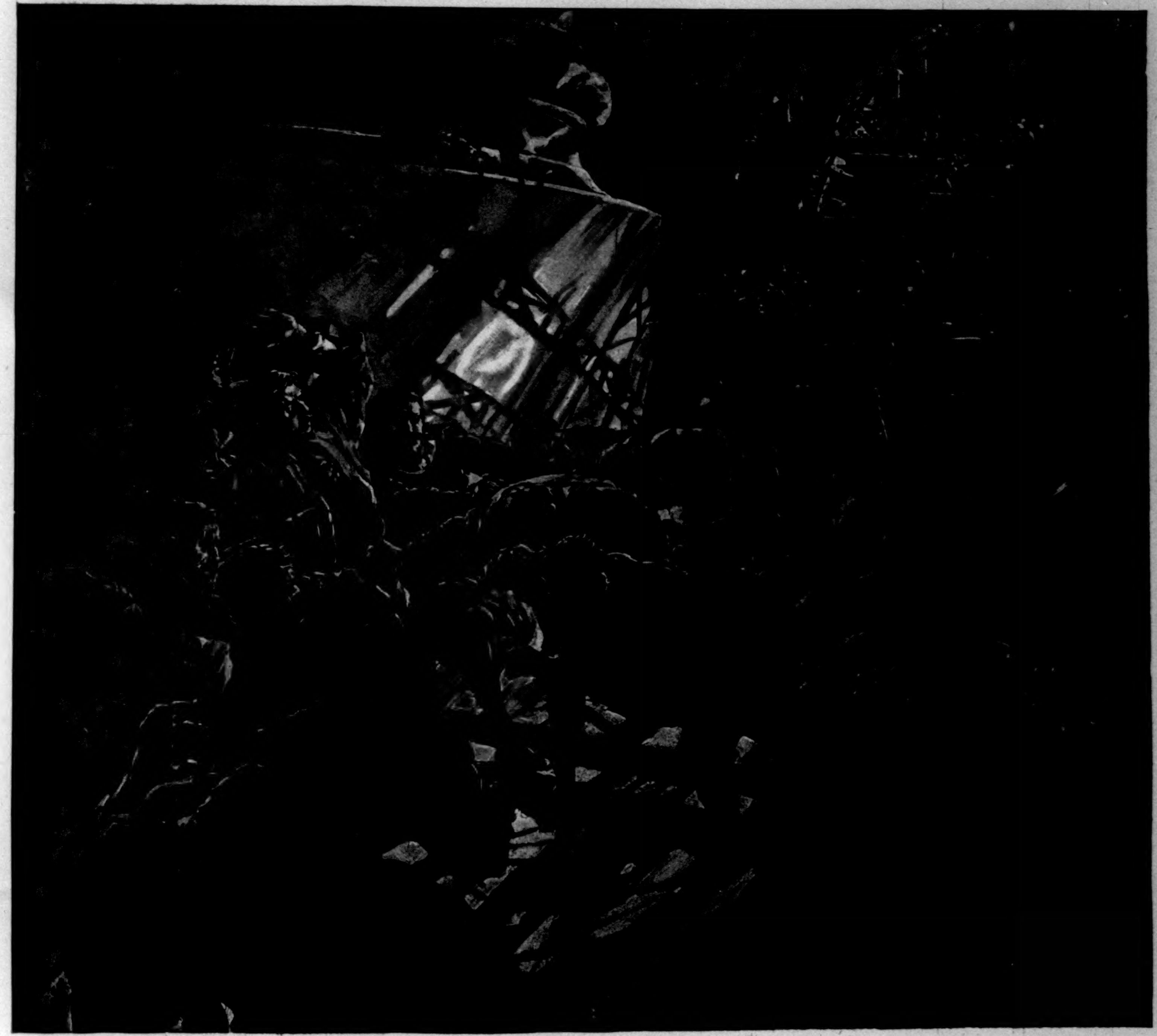
It was a cough That carried her off.

Lou. Fields. Dave Warfield. Joseph Weber.

FROM THE BURLESQUE OF "CATHERINE" AT WEBER & FIELDS'S, NEW YORK.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE SURRENDER OF THE FRENCH FRIGATE "L'INSURGENTE" TO THE U.S.S. "CONSTELLATION," COMMODORE TRUXTUN, FEBRUARY 9, 1799.—DRAWN BY CLYDE O. DELAND.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PEOPLE MARCH.

HE became aware of some one urging a glass of clear fluid upon his attention, looked up, and discovered this some one to be a dark young man in a yellow garment. He took the dose forthwith, and in a moment he was glowing. A tall man in a black robe stood by his shoulder, and pointed to the half-open door into the hall. This man was shouting close to his ear, and yet what was said was indistinct, because of the tremendous uproar from the great theatre. Behind the man was a girl in a silvery-gray robe, whom Graham, even in this confusion, perceived to be beautiful. Her dark eyes, full of wonder and curiosity, were fixed on him; her lips trembled apart. A partially opened door gave a glimpse of the crowded hall, and admitted a vast uneven tumult, a hammering, clapping, and shouting that died away and began again, and rose to a thunderous pitch, and so continued intermittently all the time that Graham remained in the little room. He watched the lips of the man in black, and gathered that he was making some clumsy explanation.

He stared stupidly for some moments at these things, and then stood up abruptly; he grasped the arm of this shouting person.

"Tell me!" he cried. "Who am I? Who am I?"

The others came nearer him to hear his words. "Who am I?" His eyes searched their faces.

"They have told him nothing!" cried the girl.

"Tell me, tell me!" cried Graham.

"You are Master of the Earth. You are owner of half the world."

He did not believe he heard aright. He resisted the persuasion. He pretended not to understand, not to hear. He lifted his voice again. "I have been awake three days—a prisoner three days. I judge there is some struggle between a number of people in this city—it is London?"

"Yes," said the younger man.

"And those who meet in the great hall with the White Atlas? How does it concern me? In some way it has to do with me. *Why*, I don't know. Drugs? It seems to me that while I have slept the world has gone mad. Who are those Councillors under the Atlas? Why should they try to drug me?"

"To keep you insensible," said the man in yellow. "To prevent your interference."

"But *why?*"

"Because *you* are the Atlas, sire," said the man in yellow. "The world is on your shoulders. They rule it in your name."

The sounds from the hall had died into a silence threaded by one monotonous voice. Now suddenly, trampling on these last words, came a deafening tumult, a roaring and thundering, cheer crowded on cheer, voices hoarse and shrill, beating, overlapping, and while it lasted the people in the little room could not hear each other shout.

Graham stood, his intelligence clinging helplessly to the thing he had just heard. "The Council," he repeated, blankly; and then, snatching at a name that had struck him, "But who is Ostrog?" he said.

"He is the organizer—the organizer of the revolt. Our leader—in your name."

"In my name. And you? Why is he not here?"

"He has deputed us. I am his brother—his half-brother Lincoln. He wants you to show yourself to these people, and then come on to him. That is why he has sent. He is at the wind-vane offices, directing. The people are marching."

"In your name," shouted the younger man, "they have ruled, crushed, tyrannized! At last even—"

"In my name! My name! Master?"

The younger man suddenly became audible in a pause of the outer thunder, indignant and vociferous, a high penetrating voice under his red aquiline nose and bushy mustache. "No one expected you to wake. No one expected you to wake. They were cunning. Damned tyrants! But they were taken by surprise. They did not know whether to drug you, hypnotize you, kill you!"

Again the hall dominated everything.

"Ostrog is at the wind-vane offices, ready. Even now there is a rumor of fighting beginning."

The man who had called himself Lincoln came close to him. "Ostrog has it planned. Trust him. We have our organizations ready. We shall seize the flying-stages. Even now he may be doing that. Then—"

"This public theatre," bawled the man in yellow, "is only a contingent! We have five myriads of drilled men—"

"We have arms!" cried Lincoln. "We have plans, a leader! Their police have gone from the streets and are massed in the—" (inaudible). "It is now or never. The Council is rocking. They cannot trust even their drilled men—"

"Hear the people calling to you!"

Graham's mind was like a night of moon and swift clouds—now dark and hopeless, now clear and ghastly. He was Master of the Earth; he was a man sodden with thawing snow. Of all his fluctuating impressions, the dominant ones presented an antagonism. On the one hand was the White Council, powerful, disciplined, few—the White Council from which he had just escaped—and on the other, monstrous crowds, packed masses of indistinguishable people clamoring his name, hailing him Master. The other side had imprisoned him, debated his death. These shouting thousands beyond the little doorway had rescued him. But why these things should be so he could not understand.

The door opened, Lincoln's voice was swept away and drowned, and a rush of people followed on the heels of the tumult. These intruders came towards him and Lincoln, gesticulating. The voices without, explained their soundless lips. "Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!" was the burden of the uproar. Men were bawling for "Order! Silence!"

Graham glanced towards the open doorway, and saw a tall, oblong picture of the hall beyond, a waving, incessant confusion of crowded, shouting faces, men and women together, waving pale blue garments, extended hands. Many

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were standing; one man in rags of dark brown, a gaunt figure, stood on the seat and waved a black cloth. Graham met the wonder and expectation of the girl's eyes. What did these people expect from him? He was dimly aware that the tumult outside had changed its character, was in some way beating, marching. His own mind, too, changed. For a space he did not recognize the influence that was transforming him. But a moment that was near to panic passed. He tried to make audible inquiries of what was required of him.

Lincoln was shouting in his ear, but Graham was deafened to that. All the others, save the woman, gesticulated towards the hall. He perceived what had happened to the uproar. The whole mass of people were chanting together. It was not simply a song; the voices were gathered together and upborne by a torrent of instrumental music—music like the music of an organ, a woven texture of sounds, full of trumpets, full of flaunting banners, full of the march and pageantry of opening war. And the feet of the people were beating time—tramp, tramp.

He was urged towards the door. He obeyed mechanically. The rhythm of that chant took hold of him, stirred him, emboldened him. The hall opened to him, a vast welter of fluttering color swaying to the music.

"Wave your arm to them," said Lincoln. "Wave your arm to them."

"This," said a voice on the other side—"he must have this." Arms were about his neck, detaining him in the doorway, and a black, subtly folding mantle hung from his shoulder. He threw his arm free of this and followed Lincoln. He perceived the girl in gray close to him, her face lit, her gesture onward. For the instant she became to him, flushed and eager as she was, an embodiment of the song. He emerged in the alcove again. Incontinently the mounting waves of the song broke upon his appearing, and flashed up into a foam of shouting. Guided by Lincoln's hand, he marched obliquely across the centre of the stage, facing the people.

The hall was a vast and intricate space—galleries, balconies, broad spaces of amphitheatrical steps, and great archways. Far away, high up, seemed the mouth of a huge passage full of struggling humanity. The whole multitude was swaying in congested masses. Individual figures sprang out of the tumult, impressed him momentarily, and lost definition again. Close to the platform a beautiful fair woman, her hair across her face, swayed, carried by three men, and brandished a green staff. Next this group an old careworn man in blue canvas maintained his place in the crush with difficulty, and behind shouted a hairless face, a great cavity of toothless mouth. A voice called that enigmatical word "Ostrog." All his impressions were vague, save the massive emotion of that tramping song. The multitude was beating time with their feet—marking time, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The green weapons waved, flashed, and slanted. Then he saw those nearest to him on a level space before the stage were marching in front of him, passing towards a great archway, shouting, "To the Council!" Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. He raised his arm, and the roaring was redoubled. He remembered he had to shout "March!" His mouth shaped inaudible heroic words. He waved his arm again and pointed to the archway, shouting "Onward!" They were no longer marking time; they were marching. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Those passing him looked at him and shouted their utmost. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. In that host were bearded men, old men, youths, fluttering-robed bare-armed women, girls. Men and women of the new age! Rich robes, gray rags, fluttered together in the whirl of their movement amidst the dominant blue. A monstrous black banner jerked its way to the right. He perceived a blue-clad negro, a shrivelled woman in yellow; then a group of tall, fair-haired, white-faced, blue-clad men pushed theatrically past him. A tall, sallow, dark-haired, shiny-eyed youth, white-clad from top to toe, clambered up towards the platform, shouting loyally, and sprang down again and receded, looking backward. Heads, shoulders, hands clutching weapons, all were swinging with those marching cadences.

Faces came out of the confusion to him as he stood there, eyes met his, and passed and vanished. Men gestured to him, shouted inaudible personal things. Most of the faces were flushed, but many were ghastly white. And disease was there, and many a hand that waved to him was gaunt and lean. Men and women of the new age! Strange and incredible meeting! As the broad stream passed before him to the right, tributary gangways from the remote uplands of the hall thrust downward in an incessant replacement of people; tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The unison of the song was enriched and complicated by the massive echoes of arches and passages. Men and women mingled in the ranks; tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The whole world seemed marching. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp; his brain was tramping. The garments waved onward; the faces poured by more abundantly.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. At Lincoln's pressure he turned towards the archway, walking unconsciously in that rhythm, scarcely noticing his movement for the melody and stir of it. The multitude, the gesture and song, all moved in that direction; the flow of people smote downward, until the upturned faces were below the level of his feet. He was aware of a path before him, of a suite about him, of guards and dignities, and Lincoln on his right hand. Attendants intervened, and ever and again blotted out the sight of the multitude to the right. Before him went the backs of the guards in black—three and three and three. He was marched along a little railed way, and crossed above the archway, with the torrent dipping to flow beneath, and shouting up to him. He did not know whither he went; he did not want to know. He glanced back across a flaming spaciousness of hall. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF THE DARKNESS.

HE was no longer in the hall. He was marching along a gallery overhanging one of the great streets of moving platforms that traversed the city. Before him and behind him tramped his guards. The whole concave of the moving ways below was a congested mass of people marching, tramping to the left, shouting, waving hands and arms, pouring along a huge vista, shouting as they came into view, shouting as they passed, shouting as they receded, until the globes of electric light dropped down the perspective and hid the swarming bare heads.

The song roared up to Graham now, no longer upborne by music, but coarse and noisy, and the beating of the marching feet, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, interwove with a thunderous irregularity of footsteps from the undisciplined rabble that poured along the higher ways.

Abruptly he noted a contrast. The buildings on the opposite side of the way seemed deserted; the cables and bridges that laced across the aisle were empty and shadowy. It came into Graham's mind that these also should have swarmed with people.

He felt a curious emotion—throbbing—very fast! He stopped again. The guards before him marched on; those about him stopped as he did. He saw the direction of their faces. The throbbing had something to do with the lights. He too looked up.

At first it seemed to him a thing that affected the lights simply, an isolated phenomenon, having no bearing on the things below. Each huge globe of blinding whiteness was as it were clutched, compressed in a systole that was followed by a transitory diastole, and again a systole like a tightening grip, darkness, light, darkness, in rapid alternation.

Graham became aware that this strange behavior of the lights had to do with the people below. The appearance of the houses and ways, the appearance of the packed masses, changed, became a confusion of vivid lights and leaping shadows. He saw a multitude of shadows had sprung into aggressive existence, seemed rushing up, broadening, widening, growing with steady swiftness—to leap suddenly back and return re-enforced. The song and the tramping had ceased. The unanimous march, he discovered, was arrested; there were eddies, a flow sideways, shouts of "The lights!" Voices were crying together one thing. "The lights!" cried these voices. "The lights!" He looked down. In this dancing death of the lights the area of the street had suddenly become a monstrous struggle. The huge white globes became purple-white, purple with reddish glow, flickered, flickered faster and faster, fluttered between light and extinction, ceased to flicker, and became mere fading specks of glowing red in a vast darkness. In ten seconds the extinction was accomplished, and there was only that vast darkness—a vast darkness whose coming had almost the shock of a blow, a black thing that had suddenly swallowed up those glittering myriads of men.

He felt invisible forms about him; his arms were gripped. Something rapped sharply against his shin. A voice bawled in his ear, "It is all right—all right."

Graham shook off the paralysis of his first astonishment. He struck his forehead against Lincoln's and bawled, "What is this darkness?"

"The Council has cut the currents that light the city. We must wait—stop. The people will go on. They will—"

His voice was drowned. Voices were shouting: "Save the Sleeper. Take care of the Sleeper." A guard stumbled against Graham and hurt his hand by an inadvertent blow of his weapon. A wild tumult tossed and whirled about him, growing, as it seemed, louder, denser, more furious, each moment. Fragments of recognizable sounds drove towards him; were whirled away from him as his mind reached out to grasp them. Voices seemed to be shouting conflicting orders; other voices answered. There was suddenly a succession of piercing screams close beneath them.

A voice bawled in his ear, "The red police," and receded forthwith beyond his questions.

A crackling sound grew to distinctness, and therewith a leaping of faint flashes along the edge of the further ways. By their light Graham saw the heads and bodies of a number of men, armed with weapons like those of his guards, leap into an instant's dim visibility. The whole area suddenly began to crackle, to flash with little instantaneous streaks of light, and abruptly the darkness rolled back like a curtain.

A glare of light dazzled his eyes; a vast seething expanse of struggling men confused his mind. A shout, a burst of cheering, came across the ways. He looked up to see the source of the light. A man hung far overhead from the upper part of a cable, holding by a rope the blinding star that had driven the darkness back. He wore a red uniform.

Graham's eyes fell to the ways again. A wedge of red a little way along the vista caught his eye. He saw it was a dense mass of red-clad men jammed on the higher further way, their backs against the pitiless cliff of building, and surrounded by a dense crowd of antagonists. They were fighting. Weapons flashed and rose and fell, heads vanished at the edge of the contest, and other heads replaced them; the little flashes from the green weapons became little jets of smoky gray while the light lasted.

Abruptly the flare was extinguished and the ways were an inky darkness once more, a tumultuous mystery.

He felt something thrusting against him. He was being pushed back along the gallery. Some one was shouting—it might be at him. He was too confused to hear. He was thrust against the wall, and a number of people blundered past him. It seemed to him that his guards were struggling with others.

Suddenly the cable-hung star-holder appeared again, and the whole scene was white and dazzling. The band of redcoats seemed broader and nearer; its apex was halfway down the ways towards the central aisle. And raising his eyes, Graham saw that a number of these men had also appeared now in the darkened lower galleries of the opposite building, and were firing over the heads of their fellows below, and the boiling confusion of people on the lower ways. The meaning of these things dawned upon him. The march of the people had come upon an ambush at the very outset. Thrown into confusion by the extinction of the lights, they were now being attacked by the red police. Then he became aware that he was standing alone, that his guards and Lincoln were along the gallery in the direction along which he had come before the darkness fell. He saw they were gesticulating to him wildly, running back towards him. A great shouting came from across the ways. Then it seemed as though the whole face of the darkened building opposite was lined and speckled with red-clad men. And they were pointing over to him and shouting. "The Sleeper! Save the Sleeper!" shouted a multitude of throats.

Something struck the wall above his head. He looked up at the impact, and saw a star-shaped splash of silvery metal. He saw Lincoln near him. Felt his arm gripped. Then pat, pat; he had been missed twice.

For a moment he did not understand this. The street was hidden, everything was hidden, as he looked. The second flare had burned out.

Lincoln had gripped Graham by the arm, was lugging him along the gallery. "Before the next light!" he cried. His haste was contagious. Graham's instinct of self-preservation overcame the paralysis of his incredulous astonishment. He became for a time the blind creature of the fear of death. He ran, stumbled because of the uncertainty of the darkness, blundered into his guards as they turned to run with him. Haste was his one desire, to escape this perilous gallery upon which he was exposed. A third glare came close on its predecessors. With it came a great shouting across the ways, an answering tumult from the ways. The redcoats below, he saw, had now almost gained the central passage. Their countless faces turned towards him, and they shouted. The white façade opposite was densely stippled with red. All these wonderful things concerned him, turned upon him as upon a pivot. These were the guards of the Council attempting to recapture him.

Lucky it was for him that these shots were the first fired in anger for a hundred and fifty years. He heard bullets whacking over his head, felt a splash of molten metal sting his ear, and perceived without looking that the whole opposite façade, an unmasked ambuscade of red police, was crowded and bawling and firing at him. Down went one of his guards before him, and Graham, unable to stop, leaped the writhing body.

In another second he had plunged, unhurt, into a black passage, and incontinently some one, coming, it may be, in a transverse direction, blundered violently into him. He was hurling down a staircase in absolute darkness. He reeled, and was struck again, and came against a wall with his hands. For a moment he was crushed by a weight of struggling bodies, whirled round, and thrust to the right. For a moment a vast pressure pinned him. He screamed, and then the whole mass of people moving together bore him back towards the great theatre from which he had so recently come. There were shouts of "They are coming!" and a muffled cry close to him. His foot blundered against something soft; he heard a hoarse scream underfoot. He heard shouts of "The Sleeper!" but he was too confused to answer. He heard the green weapons crackling. For a space he lost his individual will, became an atom in a panic, blind, unthinking, mechanical. He thrust and pressed back and writhed in the pressure, kicked presently against a step, and found himself ascending a slope. And abruptly the faces all about him leaped out of the black, ghastly white and visible, astonished, terrified, perspiring in a livid glare. One face—a young man's—was very near to him. At the time it was but a passing incident, of no emotional value, but afterwards it came back to him in his dreams. For this young man, wedged upright in the crowd for a time, had been shot and was already dead.

A fourth white star must have been lit by the man on the cable. Its light came glaring in through vast windows and arches, and showed Graham that he was now one of a dense mass of flying black figures pressed back across the lower area of the great theatre. This time the picture was livid and fragmentary, slashed and barred with black shadows. He saw that quite near to him the red guards were fighting their way through the people. He could not tell whether they saw him. He looked for Lincoln and his guards. He saw Lincoln near the stage of the theatre, surrounded in a crowd of black-badged revolutionaries, lifted up and staring to and fro, as if seeking him. Graham perceived that he himself was near the opposite edge of the crowd; that behind him, separated by a barrier, sloped the now vacant seats of the theatre. A sudden idea came to him, and he began fighting his way towards the barrier. As he reached it the glare came to an end.

In a moment he had thrown off the great cloak, that not only impeded his movements, but made him conspicuous; had slipped it from his shoulders. He heard some one trip in its folds. In another he was scaling the barrier and had dropped into blackness on the further side. Then, feeling his way, he came to the lower end of an ascending gangway. In the darkness the sound of firing ceased and the roar of feet and voices lulled. Then suddenly he came to an unexpected step and tripped and fell. As he did so pools and islands amidst the darkness about him leaped to vivid light again, and the glare of the fifth white star shone through the vast fenestrations of the theatre walls.

He rolled over among some seats, heard a shouting and the whirring rattle of weapons, struggled up and was knocked back again, perceived that a number of black-badged men were all about him, firing at the reds below, leaping from seat to seat, crouching among the seats to reload. Instinctively he crouched amidst the seats as stray shots ripped the pneumatic cushions and cut bright slashes on their soft metal frames. Instinctively he marked the direction of the gangways, the most plausible way of escape for him so soon as the veil of darkness fell again.

A young man in faded blue garments came vaulting over the seats. "Hullo!" he said, with his flying feet within six inches of the crouching Sleeper's face.

He stared without any sign of recognition, turned to fire, fired, and shouting, "To hell with the Council!" was about to fire again. Then it seemed to Graham that the half of this man's neck had vanished. A drop of moisture fell on Graham's cheek. The green weapon stopped, half raised. For a moment the man stood still, with his face suddenly expressionless, then he began to slant forward. His knees bent. Man and darkness fell together.

At the sound of his fall Graham rose up and ran for his life, until a step down to the gangway tripped him. He scrambled to his feet, turned up the gangway, and ran on.

When the sixth star glared he was already close to the yawning round throat of a passage. He ran on the swifter for the light, entered the passage, and turned a corner into absolute night again. He was knocked sideways, rolled over, and recovered his feet. He found himself one of a crowd of invisible fugitives pressing in one direction. His one thought now was their thought also—to escape out of this fighting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Hawaii Under Annexation*

By Honorable Sanford B. Dole, Ex-President of the Republic

IN dealing with this subject, it is desirable to consider somewhat the ethnic conditions of the Hawaiian community.

The native Hawaiians, including part whites, form more than a third out of a population of 109,020, according to the census of 1896. There is a steady increase of the part whites, with an equal division of the sexes. The pure natives are slowly decreasing in numbers, with men preponderating over women in the ratio of 53 to 47 per cent.

Naturally the part whites have a hereditary superiority over the pure Hawaiians, and are, as a rule, more progressive.

The Anglo-Saxon element, made up of settlers from America, England, and Germany, and their descendants, while they represent but a small proportion of the aggregate population, form an influential part, taking the lead in religious, social, political, and business enterprise, and being the main factor in the formation of public sentiment.

Portuguese immigrants and their descendants, making an approximate seventh of the population, are an important addition to the community, with their characteristic qualities of thrift and order. While the percentage of illiteracy was large among the original immigrants, their children, under the peremptory school system of Hawaii, are making a promising advance in education.

The rest of the population is mainly Chinese and Japanese, with a scattering of other nationalities. The greater part of the Chinese and Japanese are temporarily in the country as laborers, without families, making a floating population constantly moving about in search of wages, and contributing largely to the passenger travel westward across the Pacific.

The majority of native Hawaiians have opposed annexation—some from political reasons based upon the hope of an eventual restoration of the monarchy; others from traditional familiarity with nominal native rule involving their feeling and prejudices; others from an undefined anxiety lest the annexation of Hawaii to the United States would injure them through loss of civil rights, political privileges, social standing, or in some other way which they could not forecast; and many on all of these grounds, with all of which race sentiment was an element of more or less force.

The average Hawaiian feels more than he thinks. He has never been able to analyze the political situation very thoroughly or to carry out any line of thought relating to Hawaiian affairs very far; and he is unable now to think out the question of annexation and how he is to be affected by it.

Many Hawaiians cheerfully accepted the abrogation of the monarchy, having lost confidence in it. These, as a rule, would have preferred the continuance of the republic of Hawaii to annexation, but, with confidence in the judgment of the annexationists and in the friendship and justice of the United States, have bravely faced the—to them serious—new departure.

The Portuguese are good annexationists.

The Chinese were loyal to the republic of Hawaii, and would have preferred the continuance of its independence. Annexation has brought them grave anxieties.

The Japanese were not pleased with the extension of American sovereignty to Hawaii, but have accepted the situation with good grace.

The immediate effect of annexation is a rise in the values of real estate and sugar stock, and a general upward tendency in all kinds of business. There is excitement among speculators. Although these circumstances tend to support the theory of the existence of a boom, it is probable that, with the limited amount of land in the group, the new land values will rather increase than fall as time goes on, while values of sugar stocks will be affected favorably or otherwise mainly by the price of sugar and the state of the labor market, although it is evident that there is now a slight inflation of values.

Local politicians are considerably excited over the consummation of annexation, even to the extent of taking measures to influence the selection of local officials by the government at Washington.

There is some discontent among this class with the civil service status of the government of the republic of Hawaii, as it is and has been, on account of the absence of the political spoils system. Although annexation has inspired these with hopes in this direction, there is impatience at the slow and uncertain progress of events towards a permanent form of government on American lines.

Speculators are discontented with the Hawaiian land system, which intentionally excludes them from all participation in its benefits, and are looking hopefully to Washington for legislation that shall open the public lands to their manipulation, and are discussing means to promote such legislation.

The intermediate period in the programme of annexation is of value in giving the community time to adjust itself to the new relations. It is most important that the political development of Hawaii shall be a growth from former conditions, rather than that the present political plant shall be uprooted and another started in its place. It was fortunate that there was no sudden change of the civil system upon the transfer of sovereignty. That in itself was shock enough for the time being. All legitimate interests were conserved by the delay in the organization of the permanent government. Time was obtained for a deliberate study of the situation by the Hawaiian Commission and by Congress. That the government has continued much as before, except as to diplomatic relations, has undoubtedly promoted confidence in the field of business enterprise, and it has had a quieting effect upon the political situation, with its enthusiastic annexationists, its enthusiastic anti-annexationists, its royalists, and its great mass of puzzled and anxious people without definite views.

That all important changes in the system of government or its administration should be gradual, and with due notice to all concerned, has always been a recognized feature of the policy of the republic of Hawaii. The Hawaiian Commissioners, in reporting an organic act for the Territorial government of Hawaii, have been influenced by similar views. They recognized the fitness of the Hawaiian civil system for the local conditions, and were loath to introduce radical changes outside of the executive power. They felt that interference in the judicial or legislative function would tend to embarrass the administration of affairs and create a period of troublesome readjustment, causing worry, suspense, and uncertainty in all directions.

It is probably for the best that a Territorial form of government, instead of immediate Statehood, has been recommended. It cannot be doubted that the responsibilities and experiences of five and a half years of self-government as an independent power, with the serious obstacles and difficult questions which have beset the administration of affairs under the republic, have formed an effective school of preparation for the political union of the Hawaiian community with the United States. In like manner the experience of the nation under a Territorial system will be educational in the line of American methods. Although the Anglo-Saxon element is probably as competent for the organization and maintenance of State government as the population of any American State, the Hawaiians and Portuguese need further opportunities of studying political principles and of applying them in practice. These a Territorial government will furnish to some extent, and it will thus, in a measure, prepare the way for State government. Such a period of preparation will be in the interest of business prosperity, good government, and success in Statehood when it comes.

It may be that some of the experiences under the Territorial system will be bitter ones, and they may be all the more valuable on that account. If the Hawaiian distribution of official patronage is abolished for the more American but less scientific system, it is inevitable that the spoils feature of American politics will obtain a foothold in Hawaii. And if, in addition, the advisory feature of the Hawaiian administrative system is swept away, good government may become as difficult as it was under the decadence of the monarchy. Such retrogressions—temporarily disastrous though they may be—can be calmly endured, in the confidence that their reactions shall tend to keep alive that Hawaiian spirit of insistence on good government which has heretofore carried the insistors successfully through a period of difficulty and danger on the way to the accomplishment of their object.

Hawaii, as a civilized community, is older than any part of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. There is much misconception on this point. Americans are arriving every day imbued with the idea that this is a new country, and that the mere fact of being on the ground is an advantage of great value, regardless of the want of capital, tools, or professional or mechanical skill. When gold was discovered in California, Hawaii was successfully administering its own affairs under a constitution and good laws, a legislature, and a supreme and subordinate courts. Life, liberty, and property were protected; schools existed in all parts of the country; churches were numerous and well attended.

For more than two generations enterprise has been developing and branching out in many directions. Local firms now have the business of the country well in hand. Annexation, by its stimulus to production and immigration, has already increased the traffic in lumber, machinery, tools, dry-goods, and groceries, and perhaps luxuries. The hotel and lodging-house business is very favorably affected, while the growing demand for rented houses, and for ground on which to build, has stimulated land values.

This business development makes room for new capital and new men. The new man with capital may find room in the established lines of business. He can hardly develop a new line of enterprise until American laws are extended to the islands, except perhaps in the field of agriculture, where it is extremely probable that products now not thought of may be profitably cultivated, and in the development of water-power.

During the intermediate period business growth will closely depend on the increase of the white population and the development of sugar production, but upon the extension of the American tariff to Hawaii there will be new opportunities for enterprise, such as canning of various kinds of fruit, the manufacture of textile fabrics, the production of tobacco, the cultivation of fruits and vegetables for American consumers, and raising flowers for the manufacture of perfumes.

The natural resources of the group are a fertile and well-watered soil, a considerable water-power, climate, and geographical position. Besides these there are no others to be seriously considered in forecasting its future development.

The geographical position of the Hawaiian Islands confers large business advantages, and promises much for the future. During the year 1898 there were one hundred and thirteen arrivals at Honolulu of large steamships going and coming between the Pacific coast and the Orient and the British colonies of the south seas. These vessels contributed greatly to the business of that port through their freight and passenger traffic, and by their requirements for coal, provisions, water, and repairs.

The commerce of the Pacific is in its beginning. Its growth will in the near future test the harbor facilities of the Hawaiian group to the utmost. Extensive wharf and dock improvements must be promptly made to meet the new requirements. All this means an increased demand for labor and capital.

The construction of the Nicaragua ship-canal, which may be regarded as a feature of that new American departure that includes the assumption of the control of the Spanish East and West Indies and Hawaii, will most materially add to the commanding commercial position of the Hawaiian Islands.

Upon the consummation of annexation, the cultivation of sugar under the conditions of rainfall and irrigation by gravitation had materially reached its limit. Stability, as a feature both of the government and of the sugar market, caused by that measure, has greatly promoted enterprise in the direction of irrigation by means of water artificially raised. This forecasts a considerable addition to the sugar product within the next few years, if the labor market proves to be reliable.

For a generation or more wild coffee-trees have furnished the local supply. Within seven or eight years the cultivation of this crop has been taken up and carried on with much energy. As three or four years from the nursery are required for the trees to reach full bearing, it is as yet early to speak with certainty in regard to the prospects for success. There is no doubt, however, that in suitable localities it will be a reliable and profitable crop. Further data are required as to soils, weather, elevation, and other matters of environment in relation to its successful cultivation. This product is not materially affected by annexation, except as that event raises land values and promotes the immigration of persons who want to plant coffee, thus casting both favorable and unfavorable influences over the prospects of this industry.

Tobacco has long been raised by the natives in small quantities for their own use. Both soil and climate favor its growth in sheltered and elevated localities in many parts of the group. It freely grows wild in such places. Plants from foreign seed flourish. What place Hawaiian tobacco is entitled to in the markets of the world is as yet unknown, as it has never yet been properly cured. We may expect that tobacco will be produced in Hawaii of good, if not first-class, quality, and that the extension of the American tariff to these islands will be the signal for exhaustive experiments in its culture and preparation.

A considerable part of the grazing area of the islands is fair arable land, and under annexation will be in demand for the cultivation of some crop or other. This will reduce the extent of grazing-lands, and will diminish stock-raising in the old Hawaiian way, which will be a direct benefit, as it will tend to promote a more intelligent and scientific system of stock-farming than has been the case heretofore. Quality will take the place of quantity as the paramount object, because it will pay better with the diminished pastures and the necessity of relying to a large extent on forage crops.

The land system of the republic of Hawaii, which encourages the settlement of individuals on small farms, has been very successful. The number of small landholders is constantly increasing, thus adding materially to the taxable value of the real estate affected, and developing a prosperous and conservative class of citizens. Although these farmers, for the most part, cultivate coffee and Indian corn, they are in a favorable position to take up the cultivation of such other crops as the new conditions under the extension of American laws and tariff shall encourage.

The continuation of this policy under annexation is vital to a successful settlement of the public land by a class which by its industry and its interest in public affairs shall favorably affect the future politics of the country.

The Hawaiian climate has been mentioned as one of the natural resources. The inhabited islands are within 154° 30' and 160° 30' west longitude and 19° and 22° 30' north latitude. They are within the trade-wind belts, are surrounded in every direction by thousands of miles of ocean, unbroken by any shores save the smallest islets. The air currents that come to them are pure and full of the tonic of the sea. The temperature is hardly tropical, yet entices all of every age into the open air all the year round. Sunstroke is practically unknown. No one is debilitated except by his own inactivity. Out-of-door athletics prevail much as they do in America. Men from northern climates work freely and comfortable under the sun's direct rays. There is no deterioration of Anglo-Saxon families from generation to generation, either physically or mentally, but there are indications of a contrary tendency.

A climate of this quality is a resource, because it attracts tourists who are running away from cold weather and settlers who are tired of the struggle with nature in higher latitudes. It affects national prosperity as it promotes the general health. The tops of the highest mountains have heavy falls of snow in the rainy season. From these to the sea-shore is a large variety for one to choose from, with an environment of scenery everywhere—land and sea, forest and meadow and silver stream—which is beyond the anticipations of every visitor.

I do not know that anywhere there is a civilized community whose social life is more natural and unconventional, without loss of refinement, than that existing in the Hawaiian Islands. There is no aristocracy, nor any "four hundred." There is no social color-line, and no definite social lines of any nature. There may be said to be loosely defined social sets, but there are no lines between them; they merge into each other. Education, refinement, polish—these have more to do with social position than any other circumstances. Wealth has its weight, but has hardly come to be regarded as a social circumstance, although it is a strong ally where the more important qualifications exist. Family is an important consideration.

There is no color prejudice affecting the Hawaiian, the Chinese, or the Japanese; or if there is, it is discoverable only in marital considerations. None of these races, if otherwise socially acceptable, are barred by color. The Hawaiians, and part Hawaiians in particular, are specially in demand socially.

A charm of Hawaiian society is its cosmopolitan quality. Every large social gathering has representatives from the great world races—Polynesian, Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Scandinavian, Frank, Mongolian.

A large part of the opposition to annexation among Hawaiians was due to anxiety lest they would be socially prejudiced by its consummation. Conscious that both the monarchy and the republic fostered their social advancement, they were afraid that, as a part of the great eager American nation, they would be gradually ignored until their position should have become intolerable.

There is a good deal to say on the side of these fears.

HAVANA—RECEPTION TO HAVANESE SOCIETY GIVEN BY COMMODORE CROMWELL ON BOARD U.S.S. "TEXAS."

DRAWN BY H. C. CHRISTY AFTER A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.

"A VISIT TO THE MISTRESS"—1877.

"DANGER"—1887.

"WATCHING THE TEMPEST"—1881.

"THE PERILS OF THE SEA"—1881.

FROM THE THOMAS B. CLARKE COLLECTION, NEW YORK CITY—FOUR EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF WINSLOW HOMER.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 150]

A large part of the white population is Hawaiian by birth and environment through the susceptible time of childhood. Another large part has sifted in slowly, one or two at a time, never in sufficient numbers to dominate in any line of influence, always absorbed, so to speak, by the Hawaiian community, and quickly converted to its sentiment and taste and likes and dislikes, and, among other things, to its recognition of the native Hawaiian as a social equal.

What will be the result when white men come in as they are coming now, and faster? Will the Hawaiian community still continue to dominate the situation and assimilate the arrivals as fast as they come, or will the new-comers, before they become Hawaiian, assert themselves and be a law unto themselves and the old society, making their social sentiment and indifference toward the native Hawaiian to be the paramount unwritten code?

If this take place it will be unpleasant and prejudicial for the Hawaiians and part Hawaiians, not only socially, but commercially as well. But it will not take place. The social community as it exists is strongly intrenched, and Hawaiian families are an essential part of it. Some of these have wealth as well as social prestige. There is a kindly sentiment in America toward the whole native element. They are civilized enough to escape being regarded as Indians are regarded by Americans. Their civilization is mainly an American product. Individuals may be indifferent or patronizing, but the American people are proud of the results of this educational enterprise of theirs, and will ever be disposed to foster the due blossoming and fruitage of this vine of their own planting and culture.

The industrious Hawaiian will be benefited by the larger horizon which annexation brings to him, and by the power and prestige of the great nation in which he may claim citizenship. The new environment will be educational; he will continue to be a man and brother, but in a larger sense than before. Competition in all lines will increase somewhat, but he will stand it, and will find the place to which his competency entitles him.

Especially will those who own the lands which they live on and cultivate be able to hold their own with new-comers. Some, indeed, will be led into mortgaging their homes and eventually losing them, but the many will learn, as they are learning now, to resist such temptations, and will come more and more to prize the independence which home-ownership confers.

The Chinese and Japanese element of the population, forming about forty-two per cent. at the census of 1896, must be considered in the social and political outlook. How will our future be affected by them; and does their presence constitute a menace to Hawaiian civilization?

There is one feature of the movements of these people which aids materially in the solution of these questions, and that is the fact that the great majority are here temporarily in search of wages, and that but few of these show any tendency to settle permanently. The rest return home—some to stay, others to return eventually, if they can. If the supply is cut off, the constant migration homewards rapidly diminishes the local colony.

In 1886, in consequence of understandings with the Japanese government at the inauguration of the immigration of Japanese laborers under treaty provisions, the influx of Chinese was substantially shut off. At that time their number in the islands was approximately 19,500. For eight years the doors were closed against them, and in that time their numbers fell off approximately to 15,300. The same result will be reached again in regard to them, now that restrictions have been placed upon their entrance into the country. Restrictions on the entry of Japanese would produce similar results.

Many of the Chinese in the country are employed on rice plantations, generally owned and managed by their countrymen. It is safe to say that white men will never be willing to do the work required in the cultivation of rice, as in all of it, except the harvesting, the laborer is compelled to work in water and mud. Chinese labor employed in raising rice may be left out of the consideration of the prospects of white labor.

In regard to raising sugar, it is not probable that white men will work in gangs under the direction of an overseer, according to the system generally in vogue at the present time. Experiments are now in operation to employ white men in sugar-plantation field-work under profit-sharing conditions. There seems to be no reason why the application of this principle should not be completely successful. If this be accomplished, it may be expected that systems of profit-sharing in a considerable variety will be gradually developed throughout the sugar plantations of the islands because of the greater liability of labor under such conditions. Such a change in the labor status will give the white laborer the most favorable conditions possible in relation to the most important crop of the country. The change cannot be made at once, but must have time for its effective accomplishment.

The temporary nature of the Chinese and Japanese stay in the country is further shown by the fact that those that take up agriculture as proprietors generally acquire leaseholds rather than actual ownership of land. While in 1896 seventy-four per cent. of the land-owners of the country were Hawaiians and part Hawaiians, and seven per cent. Portuguese, only three per cent. were Chinese, and one and a half per cent. Japanese, and at the same time the Chinese and Japanese, the great majority of whom were adult males, numbered forty-two per cent. of the whole population. It is true that opportunities of acquiring holdings in public lands are not open, as a rule, to the Chinese and Japanese under the special systems of the present land laws, but under the homestead law under the monarchy, which was put in operation in 1887, no distinctions were made, and none have existed for many years in the ordinary sales of public lands at auction.

From these facts and figures it will, I think, be clear that the Oriental element of the Hawaiian population is under easy control, and is not likely to become a menace to Anglo-Saxon civilization, unless, indeed, the enterprise of establishing families from other races upon the public lands with ownership in the soil should be neglected.

While the Chinese conduct all the rice plantations, and were the pioneers in sugar-culture, they do not at the present time manage a single sugar plantation, and the amount of sugar stock they hold is insignificant.

If the settlement of small farmers on the public lands continue, and especially if it should be carried out on a larger scale than at present, and if they should be, as a rule, men with families, content to make their permanent homes on their holdings, and looking to the cultivation of the soil instead of speculation in land for a living, the political and social future of the country will be secure.

Many native Hawaiians have refrained on political grounds from voting during the past few years. It is probable that in the future all will vote who can. All political parties will seek their support. This will give them a standing politically, and will be helpful to them. The natives will be numerically strong enough for a while to elect their own candidates on race lines, should they so desire, and they will probably do so in some cases; but it is not likely that this will generally happen. Such results will be reached by them more often in the politics of the local municipal corporations which will be inaugurated than in elections for the Territorial legislature; for, while they are able sometimes to organize within the limits of a district, they have never succeeded in extending a political organization effectively over the group.

Without doubt the union of little Hawaii with great America lifts the curtain before a future full of great possibilities to Hawaii. To America the union is of great importance, but to that great country, with its manifold interests, it is but a ripple in the onward flow of its resistless energies—a rivulet joining the river.

To us of Hawaii it is present loss for a future and greater good, sovereignty and independence, and some heartfelt associations for participation in a greater sovereignty and a more effective independence represented by a government of incalculable strength.

We shall undoubtedly have our disappointments. There will be some bad mixed with the good. But there will be growth beyond all our precedents. Our local world will be larger, and we shall be more in touch with the great communities of the rest of the world. We are Americans now for better or worse. We have placed our fortunes and our future in the hands of the United States. We shall prosper or suffer as they shall deal with us.

HONOLULU, *December 27, 1898.*

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

COFFEE-CULTURE

COFFEE-RAISING ranks first as an industry in Puerto Rico, bringing wage into the pockets of thousands of earners and substantial profits to the coffers of the plantation-owner and exporter.

Besides the assured income from a well-planted coffee plantation, the life of the planter and owner has many desirable features which recommen[illegible] it as an occupation to be followed by the Ar[illegible] investor. First, coffee must needs be raised in th[illegible]r altitudes of the picturesque rolling hills, and on [illegible] faces of the steep mountainous inclines which finish upward in sharp zigzagging narrow ridges, thus giving him a healthful, cool place of residence, away from the hot lowlands and fever country of the coast. Second, in the hills and mountains living springs for uncontaminated water-supply are found, and, at the worst, he has always at hand the cooler, frothing, dashing torrents of the rock-bound mountain streams from which to draw crystalline water. Third, and perhaps most important, no great technical training is required to raise coffee successfully, as is the case with raising sugar or tobacco. Fourth, the life is an easier one for the proprietor—which is no small factor in a torrid zone, where excessive activity is sure to bring on fever in the case of the unacclimated—in that he travels in the shade of the forest which shelters his coffee-trees from the hot sun, as he makes his overseeing tours, and works under cover where the pulpy berry is changed into the finished and polished bean of commerce.

Good coffee-land ranges in price from twenty to five hundred dollars an acre, depending upon location and the topography of the site, and again whether it be virgin soil or in crop of varying age, the highest price being asked for five-year-old full-bearing trees, near the great military highways, within easy-hauling distance of coast shipping centres.

It may be said that five hundred dollars is a fictitious value for any coffee plantation, and that the owner naming such a price is usually a Spaniard, filled with a desire to return to Spain, but inwardly fearing, even in his dislike of the American, that the new rule may mean unparalleled progress in the island. Two hundred dollars an acre for well-grown trees, with adequate shade above them, has hitherto been considered a good round sum for a plantation, though as much as three hundred has been paid under Spanish domination.

There is no favored section in the mountain districts where coffee grows to greater perfection or with better flavor on account of more fertile ground, and this assertion is made in the face of a prevailing opinion that the Yauco region, in the southwestern part of the island, grows the best coffee. Yauco has become a trade-name in France, so it is almost a universal practice to mark the higher-grade coffees with the word Yauco, whether they come from the east, west, north, or south.

The western end possesses some topographic and shipping advantages over other portions of the island, for in a section running in a great arc around this district the mountain country has more rounded foot-hills and less angular and precipitous contours, thus making the work of planting and cropping easier, and also permitting expeditious gathering of the berry. The shipping advantages lie in that a fair military road connects all the coast towns and that good harbors are not far away. Ponce is reached by rail from Yauco, and the deep-water and picturesque harbor of Guanica is not over six miles away. Ponce also has a military road leading up into the Adjuntas country, which is almost solely devoted to coffee-culture.

There is the port of Guayanilla to the eastward of Guanica and Cabarajo on the lower western end of the island, Bramadero several miles to the north, and the large city and harbor of Mayaguez in the centre of the western side. After Ponce, Mayaguez is the great coffee-shipping city of the island, and a large area of country to the eastward is tributary to this city. North of Mayaguez is Aguadilla, which exports a fair proportion of coffee; and Arecibo, on the northern coast towards the west, receives nearly all the coffee grown in the Utuado district, as a good military road connects the two towns.

The coffee country on the great military road across the island from San Juan to Ponce is just as rich, and on it are raised as prolific crops as in the western end of the island; but the region is rougher and the hauling is a large item of expense, reaching eight cents a pound where it is necessary to bring the product in by pack-mules over frightful trails to the military road, and then laboriously to haul it in ox-carts to San Juan or Ponce. Electric railways will relieve this burden of excessive tolls, which is now in some places so destructive to profits.

The development of coffee-raising in the eastern half of the island has no doubt been retarded by lack of roads, less water, greater area of rough rocky country, and no convenient harbors, though there are many fine coffee plantations scattered through the mountains. The clearing of virgin soil in Puerto Rico for coffee-raising, or for any other purpose, represents much labor, but it is a far easier undertaking than in Cuba, where virgin land presents the densest of tropical jungles. In Puerto Rico there are few areas which have not been cultivated over and over again during its three centuries of occupation, and the overlying vegetation consists, except in rare cases, of small trees and heavy undergrowth only, which, at a wage of fifty cents a day per laborer, may be economically cleared away and burned. The man who essays, however, in this way to create a coffee plantation *de nuevo* must be prepared financially to tide himself over four years of waiting for a remunerative crop of coffee, and to meet attendant expenses of cleaning, weeding, and the final introduction of coffee machinery.

Here is a fair estimate of the cost to a man contemplating the purchase of one hundred acres of coffee-land and converting it into a paying investment:

One hundred acres of land, with trail leading from it, not over twenty miles from coast harbor, at $40 an acre	$4,000
Clearing of land, preparing the soil, planting coffee-bean, platano, and guava trees, at $30 an acre	3,000
Weeding for four years, cutting out the platano, at $20 an acre	2,000
Introduction of machinery	8,000
Buildings, plain residence	2,500
Coffee-houses	2,500
Trail-building and repairs and ditches for water	500
Incidentals	1,000
Total	*$23,500

* Puerto-Rican pesos.

This represents an establishment with modern machinery but plain buildings: boiler and engine, pulping machine, steam drying-drum, huller for second shell, polishing-machine, classifier, blowers, bins for handling and final sacking. The machinery, except the pulping-machine, may be dispensed with, and the coffee-bean in its last casing dried in the sun on cement floors, or in flat shallow boxes supported on rails, to be run under cover, but the saving would not exceed five thousand dollars, and the expense of handling the coffee would be increased, while the marketable price would be greatly reduced, as it is necessarily sold to the coast merchant, who finally prepares it for market in his own mills.

The returns for this outlay would, approximately, be as follows:

Second year, coffee (5000 lbs.) at an average of 15 cents a pound		$750
Third year, coffee (10,000 lbs.) at same price		1500
Fourth year, coffee (20,000 lbs.) at same price		3000
		$5250
Cost of picking, at 1½ cents a pound	$525	
Cost of hulling and washing, at 2 cents	700	
Cost of easy transportation, at 2½ cents	875	
		2100
Net returns at end of four years		$3150

At five years of age the plantation should be in full bearing, and by careful attention 500 to 1000 pounds of coffee per acre can be raised in the following years, the decline in yield not being apparent until after the trees are twenty years old. Assuming that the average crop is 500 pounds to the acre, the annual output would be 50,000 pounds, and, gauged by the present standard price, controlled by the French, Spanish, and German markets of fifteen cents a pound—though in the last few years it has been as high as twenty-five cents—the returns, after deducting the cost of handling, which in itself may be reduced by the introduction of greater transportation facilities, would yield a net income of $4500 a year.

It must be understood that fifteen cents a pound repre-

sents an average price to the grower of coffee for his entire crop, paid by the local exporters of coffee at the coast towns, and does not refer to the selling figures for the special classes of coffees supplied to the foreign market. This subject will be developed in the course of the relation of the growing, handling, and exportation of coffee.

Coffee, as it is raised to-day on the island, is planted with very little system. The bean is poked into the prepared land, and platano or banana slips are set up in the ground at intervals. The platano, making a full growth in each year, affords the first year's shade, which is absolutely necessary for the well-being of the young coffee-plants. *Melango*, known in English as tannia, the big lily with an edible root, is often used for this primary shading, particularly where the clearing of the ground is undertaken by a native laborer, who is granted the privilege, by the plantation-owner, of living on a plot of ground for two years and raising his subsistence, provided he prepares the ground for coffee.

With the planting of the platano it is customary to plant small guava and mocha trees; the former are preferred, as they are speedy growers, which give the essential shade for years to follow in the life of the plantation. Both trees are slender, high shade trees, branching out towards their tops into a fairly dense covering of fluttering leaves, and they bear little fruit, and lose few leaves during the year.

As the years pass, loose berries drop from the coffee-trees, and sprout to form new plants. These are transplanted when they interfere with the parent plant, and from them it is possible in a few years to secure a solid mass of coffee-trees, and to advance new areas each year, by transplanting under the shade of growing banana-fields, which in themselves furnish a marketable food.

The flowering coffee-tree is a thing of beauty, with its myriads of white flowers clinging close to the slender, waving, nearly vertical branches of the bush. The flowers give way to green berries, until the tree looks much like a nature's rosary, so closely do the green beads crowd one another. In the month of October the berries begin to ripen and get their rich red and glazed coloring, which foretells the coming of the picker.

The commercial man perhaps does not care that the ragged, tattered pickers, large and small, father, mother, and a brood of partially clothed children, make one of the most picturesque sights in this island of loveliness. In the early morning they trudge out from their little thatch-roofed huts, with home-made baskets slung on bands from their shoulders or balanced carelessly on their heads, straggling along the trails and roads, the little elfin children chasing each other in glee as they go to work. The bright-eyed comely girl wishes you "Buenos dias" with half-timid, half-flirtatious smile, and the father and mother each salute you with the deference born of generations of training. Later, from the depths of every thicket comes the chant of singing voices, and the chorus is feminine, the woman of poverty somehow knowing how to be happier than the man.

The little children gather all the low berries which may be reached by their tiny hands, while the grown-ups bend down the tall bushes and rapidly strip the berries into their baskets. At dusk, from every side, burdened figures struggle up the steep hill-sides to the winding trails, or ease themselves down step by step from the heights above. The men and women are carrying the berries now, sometimes laden down with a large basket on the head, and smaller picking-baskets swung around the body, while the sleepy, tired tots stumble along with all the brightness of life gone out, for that day, from their worn-out little souls.

Down at the plantation the coffee-berries are weighed up or measured up and paid for, usually with mild protest from the lips of the picker, for it is the common practice to underweigh and underpay. A centavo more or less to these poor people means much.

For a hundred pounds of berries $1 50 is an average price. A man can gather, in a heavily fruited coffee plantation, an average of fifty pounds a day, and with the addition of the earnings of the whole family he becomes quite opulent for the first few weeks; but as the berries grow thinner—for they must not be picked green, and they ripen at different times—the work becomes more arduous and the daily wage less.

All told, the native coffee-picker gets, on an average, not more than four months' paid work in the year, and this estimate includes his work of weeding and transplanting. Assuming his family to number five pickers, two grown people and three children, he perhaps picks an average of 100 pounds a day for eight weeks, and not more than 50 pounds a day for the remaining four or five weeks. His annual income for his entire family at this rate could not possibly amount to more than $125 Spanish, including one month's labor in caring for the field. It is little wonder, then, that he and his family, on an average wage of $10 a month Spanish, have few clothes and live in plain thatched huts, anæmic and fever-stricken from fruit diet and no medicines.

In consequence of this low wage, much stealing of coffee prevails, the spoils being exchanged or sold at the little stores along the road-sides. One sees everywhere, bordering the military highways, small mats with drying coffee upon them, and while some of it is the legitimate raising of the present owners, most of it has been pilfered by the laborers. All this side-issue coffee is handled by hand, the berry being bereft of its pulp in crude wooden mortars with hand-pestles and dried in the sun, the outer shell being removed by a similar beating process in the same vessel. It is said that this system of peculation prevails in all the large exporting coffee-houses, and in consequence every poor family whose inmates work in the big mills and houses is always prepared to serve the most delectable beverage which the highest-grade coffee can produce.

When the berries arrive at the plantation-house they are stored away in sacks or bins, and as speedily as possible are put through the pulping-machine, which removes the outer juicy meat from the two coffee-beans which rest with their flat sides together within. This machine is extremely simple, and is generally of local manufacture. A heavy wooden roll, eight or ten inches in diameter and two or three feet long, studded with round-headed nails, much like the bottom of a hobnail boot, is the principal element in the machine. Into a hopper above, the berries are poured, and come down through a narrow slit upon this moving roll, which is guarded by a steel-edged adjustable rule, just separated far enough from the hobnails to macerate the berry and release the beans. This product, pulp and beans, falls upon an inclined shaking wire net, through which the beans pass by oscillation, while the pulp travels over its surface to a refuse-pile.

This finishes the handling of the coffee by machinery in most of the sun-drying establishments, though in the larger ones the entire work is done by mechanical means. Where the coffee is sun-dried, large square cement floors are laid down on the open ground, with a slight dip for drainage, or elsewhere shallow boxes on small flanged wheels are used, which travel on tram railways from exposed positions in the sun to cover under the house or shed at night and in time of rain. The cement-floor system represents much work, for the coffee must be housed at night and in damp weather, and it is a common occurrence to see men frantically raking the coffee into bags and upon squares of burlap, in haste to get the valuable product under cover from a coming shower.

At Lares the entire public square is rented to one coffee-seller on week-days, that he may spread his coffee for drying, and every morning a hundred men file out with huge loads of coffee, tied in burlap sheets, on their heads, and begin the work of laying them open to nature's heat rays. In this instance it is all kept on the cloths, so that it may be quickly gotten under cover. It is an interesting operation to watch the deftly trained men laying these cloths so that they overlap into one solid carpet of cloth, and following this manœuvre up by spreading the coffee into a vast field an inch in depth. It takes from two weeks to thirty days to dry coffee well by this means, depending, of course, largely upon the weather.

The greater percentage of raisers ship the coffee thus dried, and yet enveloped in a thin brittle shell, to the steam-mills on the coast. A few of them, however, have hulling-mills which remove this last coat and afterwards polish the bean. These mills are primitive in character, consisting of two great wedge-shaped wheels five feet in diameter and covered with tin, which chase each other round and round, from opposite ends of a great axle, in a circular walled and tinned trough two feet deep. The motive power is a yoke of oxen. The heavy wheels ride over the coffee and crush off the outer hull. It is then placed in an ordinary fanning-mill, such as we use for cleaning wheat or other cereals, and the dust and light hulls are blown out. It is passed back to the big rolls, and a small quantity of blued water—a quart to a hundred pounds—is poured into the runway, the wheels going round and round until every individual berry is polished till it shines and possesses the blue tint so prized in French markets. One coffee-burnisher of this character, at Cayey, run by steam, polishes and blues 16,000 pounds of coffee each day.

When the mountain coffee-growers have their crops of coffee ready for the market, pack-trains of the little sturdy mules (not burros) pour in from the pasture-lands along the coast, under the charge of expert packers. Everywhere over the tortuous, precipitous, muddy mountain trails, one finds in November and December long snaky lines of these muscular little animals crawling carefully along narrow rocky paths or floundering through mud-holes belly-deep, laden with such huge packs as would put our government mules to shame.

On the alleged passable highways two-wheeled ox-carts are used, and it is a common sight to see four and five yoke of these lumbering animals lurching and straining in the plastic muds, in an almost vain attempt to start five hundred-weight of coffee on its impeded journey.

Where the work is done entirely by machinery the wet beans may be run directly into the steam-drier, though it is the usual custom to spread the mass out under cover for a few days, until it loses its first water. The driers are of two types, a huge rotating cylinder filled with iron pipes, through which hot steam circulates, or the more usual kind, containing hot air sucked from the fire under the boilers and blown into the turning cylinder, where it escapes through close-meshed wire doors. From the drier it is dropped into bins, and carried to the top of the building by travellers and deposited in bins. It then passes into the huller, which is of American make—outside of the pulper and the polisher, most of the coffee machinery comes from the United States—where the hulls fly off after slight crushing by fast-moving teeth. It is then polished and blued as described, and finally passes to the classifier, a cylindrical framework six feet long, wound with piano cord into four sections, each set of wires being more open than the preceding. Inside this wire-work a fixed-screw shovel moves the coffee along, and, according to size, it falls through into different compartments beneath.

No machine method has been invented by which defective and marked beans may be separated from their better brethren, so hand labor has still to be expended on this part of the work. The hand picking of coffee is again one of the picturesque phases of the coffee industry, as it is carried on by women and girls. In the poorer establishments they sit on the floor with a lapful of coffee, and one by one throw out the bad beans, shoving the lapful of good coffee finally into a bag at their feet. In the big marts at the sea-coast, picking-tables are supplied, from whose compartmented boxes dangle bags connected to the table by open spouts. The girls work rapidly and deftly. Some woman in the corner starts a church chant, which is taken up by one after another, until the whole room is singing; then this is changed to a wild native love-song, and through the stronger voices of the grown ones sounds the weak treble of little children that one wishes might be in God's air instead of stooped day after day, thin and white, over their tables, their baby fingers flashing back and forth as they seize the discolored beans, piping amorous songs, while their unmatured bodies grow round-shouldered, and their eyes lustrous only in fever. Bagging, labelling, and shipping follow.

Four grades of coffee are handled; as has been said before, geographical position is not an index to quality or flavor. The prime coffee is the male bean, which grows alone in a berry-pod. The shape is ovoid, instead of having one flat side like the double bean. There is but five per cent. of this coffee, and it has brought a price at the wharves, in years gone by, ranging from twenty to thirty-five cents, the average being above twenty-five cents silver. The second coffee is the largest of the flat-sided beans, and is a very fine coffee. Its price has ranged between fifteen and twenty-five cents. The third coffee is a good bean, but smaller than number two, with a price of thirteen to eighteen cents. The fourth coffee is usually the irregular-shaped small bean, with more or less discolored coffee intermixed. Its price ranges between six and twelve cents silver, depending upon how many bad beans have been thrown in. This coffee is very fair, measured by American cheap-coffee standards, and it is hoped by Puerto-Ricans that it will compete with the grades of Rio so extensively consumed in our country.

Fifty-five million pounds a year seems to be a conservative estimate of the amount of coffee exported from the island in 1897, though the amount may fall somewhat this year. Of this amount Ponce ships from her seaboard near 25,000,000 pounds, Mayaguez between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 pounds, and the rest goes from the ports of Arecibo, Aguadilla, San Juan, Guayama, and Guanica.

Yauco district raises	8,000,000	lbs.
Lares "	5,000,000	"
Adjuntas "	6,000,000	"
Utuado "	6,000,000	"
Las Marias "	5,000,000	"
Mayaguez "	4,000,000	"
Cayey "	500,000	"
Aybonito "	500,000	"
Total	35,000,000	"

The other 20,000,000 pounds is scattered over the island. It is not to be understood that these figures represent accurate statistics; they are merely an average of estimates given by various coffee planters and shippers.

It may confidently be stated that the coffee industry is in its infancy in Puerto Rico as compared with its possibilities under the progressive management of American capitalists. Not more than 100,000 acres are under cultivation, and the methods in vogue for handling the crop are very primitive. With American energy, proper machinery, and accessible electric transportation, there can be no doubt that Puerto Rico holds out the promise of becoming one of the leading coffee-producers of high-grade coffee in the world. The topography, soil, physical conditions, and climate favor an immense production of this one of the world's needs.

The quality of Puerto-Rican coffee is held in high esteem in France, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Spain. France has always been the heaviest purchaser of high-grade coffee, Spain the largest buyer of the poor grades. Cuba, in some years, has been a heavier purchaser even than the foreign countries. In the United States hitherto this coffee has not been sold, except in small quantities, as our coffee-buyers will not handle the commodity at the high prices asked and received abroad. In flavor it is as fine as our best mixture of old Government Java and Mocha; it has less of the pungent acridity of the Mocha, and is stronger than the Java. The half-way point reached between these two makes a cup of Puerto-Rican coffee a beverage of fine aroma and most delicate flavor. It should, as fads go, become the coffee of the future in America.

The progressive growth of the coffee industry during a century in Puerto Rico may be illustrated by the following table, though it should not be assumed that these figures are more than approximate statistics, for Spain and Spanish provinces have always been in a marked degree weak in accurate statistical reports:

Date.	Lbs.	Value.	Rate.
1783	1,126,225		
1803	294,784		
1832	2,800,000	$ 33,600	12c.
1834	11,596,500		
1851	12,111,900		
1887	25,102,000	3,415,666	13.6c.
1893	44,612,000	11,297,723	25c.
1896	58,780,000	13,379,000	22.7c.

The 1783 estimate is undoubtedly a guess made by de la Torre, author of *Cuba and Puerto Rico*, 1861, as there were no tabulated statistics of imports and exports of the island until the year 1803, and his figures for 1834 and 1851 are hardly to be credited, in that the careful writer Flinter (*State of Puerto Rico*, 1834) gives but one-fifth the amount of the other author for a coffee crop two years earlier (1832). Flinter states, however, as his belief, that the official returns represent but one-half the actual quantity raised. The figures for 1887 and 1893 are taken from the English consular reports of the island, and are reliable. The retur[illegible]e 1896 crop are from the report of the Departmen[illegible]iculture, by Frank H. Hitchcock.

The discrepa[illegible] or apparent increase of the later over the earlier selling price, ranging from an average of twelve cents per pound in 1832 to twenty-five cents in 1893 and a little less in 1896, is probably to be accounted for by the constantly augmenting depreciation of the silver currency of the island, which difference the consular agents have failed to consider. The Spanish official returns of the exports of Puerto Rico are reckoned in the island currency, and not upon a gold basis. A material increase in the selling price of coffee per pound would naturally follow, however, for by the introduction from year to year of coffee-handling machinery the quality of the marketable bean has been much enhanced, and the old methods of selling the bean for foreign exportation in its second hull and in an unclassified condition have wholly given way to modern methods, which place a carefully classified, highly polished, and blued coffee in foreign marts, where money is paid for fine appearance as well as flavor.

Saint Valentine in Canada

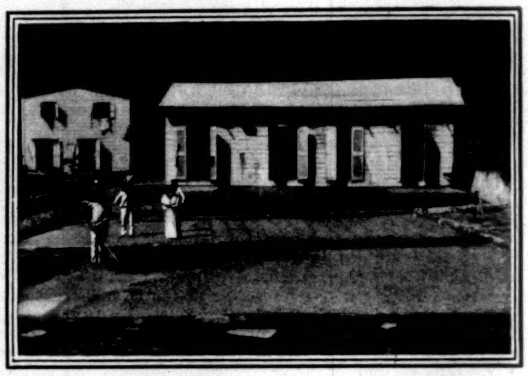
UNDER the cedars and over the snows
 With soft still leaps the white hare goes,
 Till every friend has heard his call
To a wildwood lovers' festival:
"Come, hunted ones, and hearts be light,
No hunter's abroad on Valentine's night.

With bark and berry the feast is made,
With dainty that ripes in cedar shade,
With wine of the woods, the mountain breeze
Blown through pungent balsam-trees.
There's chirp of squirrel and shy wood-mouse,
The red deer snorts, there's drum of grouse,
And when the moose bull bellows shrill
Their chorus rolls from swamp to hill:

Till Jeanne and Pierre—whose love-talk low
Made fair a poor hut in the snow—
Listen, and thinking of forest elves,
Draw yet closer, and cross themselves.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

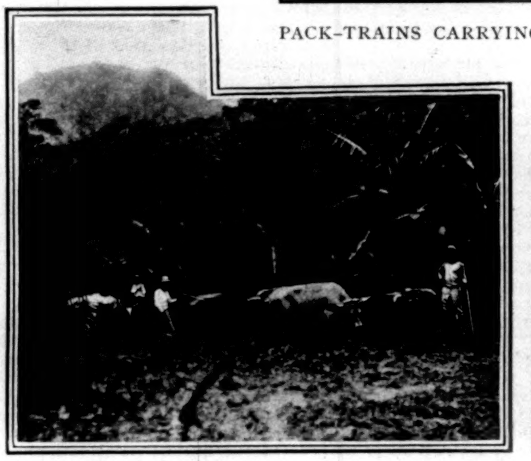
PUBLIC SQUARE OF LARES.
Rented Six Days in the Week for Use in Sun-drying Coffee.



WHERE THE COFFEE IS SUN-DRIED.

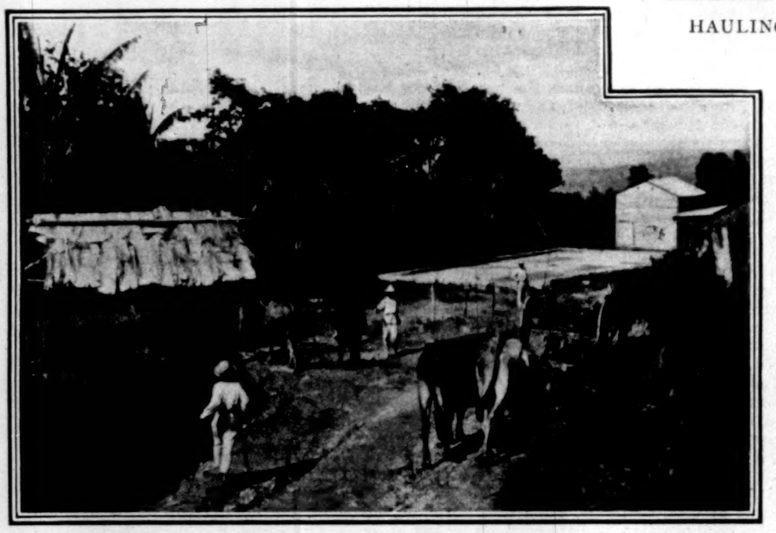
PACK-TRAINS CARRYING COFFEE TO MARKET.

WOMEN WHO SEPARATE THE DEFECTIVES FROM THE BEANS.

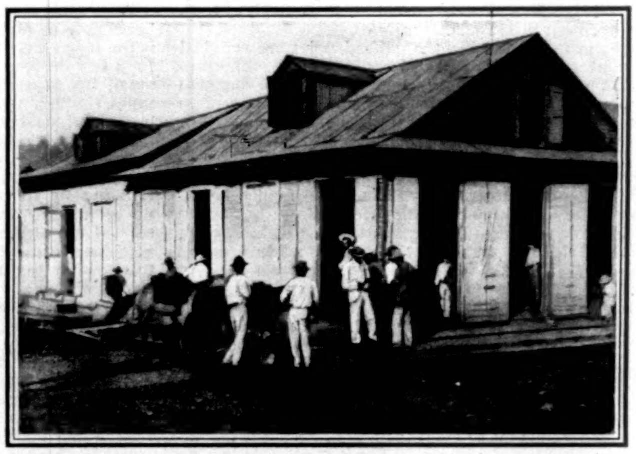


HAULING THE CROP OVER THE HEAVY TRAILS.

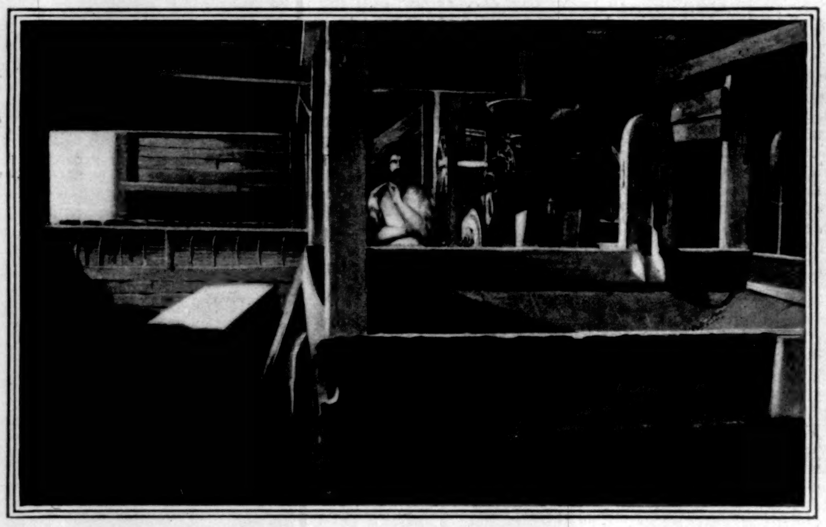
COFFEE-TREE IN FULL BEARING.



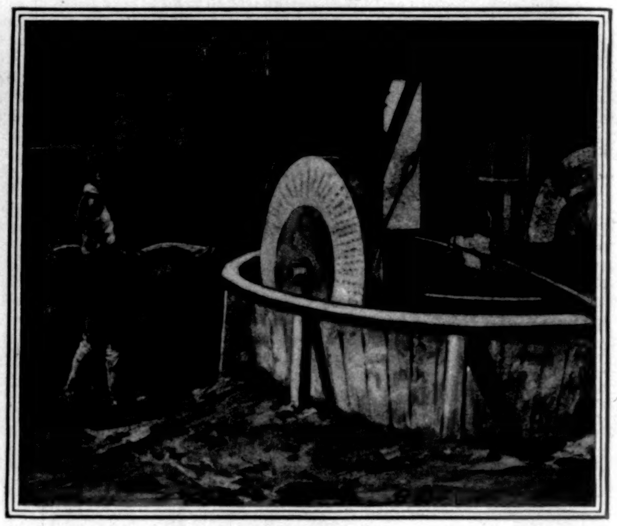
A COFFEE-PLANTER'S HOME, LARES—LOS MARIAS TRAIL.



TRADING COFFEE FOR MERCHANDISE.



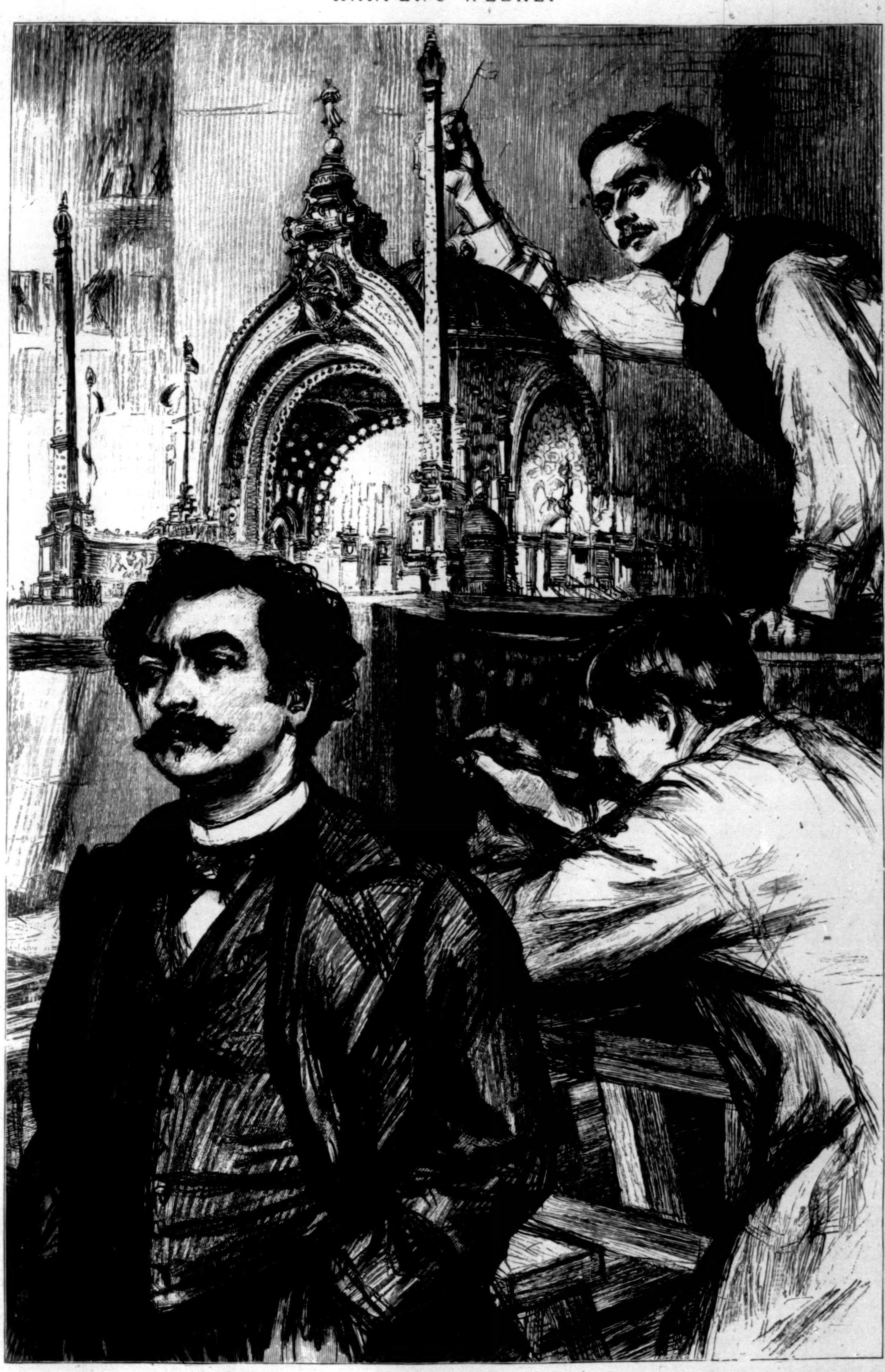
A CLASSIFIER AND AN AMERICAN HULLING-MACHINE.



HULLING AND POLISHING MILL.

COFFEE-CULTURE IN PUERTO RICO—HOW THE MAIN INDUSTRY OF THE ISLAND IS CARRIED ON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 146]



THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900—THE ARCHITECT, M. BINET, AT WORK ON A MODEL OF THE ENTRANCE.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RÉNOUARD.

A Monumental Entrance

THE site of our World's Fair was not favorable to a grand entrance on the land side, so the authorities wisely abandoned the attempt and confined their efforts to a noble approach from the lake, where the Water Gate and Peristyle stood. The conditions are entirely different in Paris; the visitor will receive his first impression before he enters, and it is to be a big one. In the accompanying drawing of M. Binet, to whom the entrance has been intrusted, there is shown a model of the design proposed by this French architect. The extreme height is to be about 146 feet, and the area covered nearly 20,000 square yards, or, to make it more intelligible, a square 141 yards on each side.

The general scheme is a triumphal arch, flanked by low curving wing walls, at the ends of which are erections with a mixed suggestion of minarets and obelisks. This arch forms one of four surmounted by a dome. Passing through either of the three inner arches, the visitor will be confronted by a series of turnstiles, arranged upon the segment of a circle which sweeps around three sides of the building. The frame-work will be of iron, overlaid with wood and faced with staff, the surface of which is to be enriched with raised ornaments. M. Binet has been a student of Moorish architecture in Spain, and its influence can be traced in the present design. But his studies were in the direction of the use of external color, and the distinctive feature of the proposed structure is that it will be one of color as well as of form. It is to be polychromatic, by both day and night. To this end disks

of colored glass will be freely introduced, which will count as jewels by day and be illumined by electric light at night.

The design as shown in the sketch, and the proposed use of colors, may strike the reader as likely to be fantastical and garish, particularly if he visited our World's Fair. It must be borne in mind, however, that the French approach the designing of exhibition buildings from an entirely different point of view from that which prevailed at Chicago. There it was determined to present an object-lesson of monumental architecture to arouse taste in the country. There is no need for this in France. The French people are artistic. They are also logical.

The sham presentment of white marble buildings erected of perishable stuff is repugnant to them. Moreover, an exhibition building is a temporary structure, and its design, they feel, should be suitable to its purpose and to its short life. And that life should be a merry one. The grounds will be a scene of low-shifting color from crowds of people bent—largely, at any rate—on pleasure, and the buildings should contribute to the general animation and gayety. It was entirely different at Chicago, where the majority of visitors were bent on educating themselves. Tired by their anxiety to "do" everything in a short space of time, they hurried from point to point, carrying their food in nose-bags, or snatching a hasty meal at a lunch-counter. Light-heartedness and gayety were mostly confined to the Midway—exhibited in a rather boisterous fashion, and in response to attractions chiefly shoddy. By night and day the Paris grounds will be a scene of *al fresco* entertainment. It is only fair to take into consideration the difference of the Gallic intention and of the Gallic temperament when passing judgment upon this design.

The Dewey Medal

BY the courtesy of the sculptor, Daniel C. French, the WEEKLY is able to publish the first authentic reproduction of his completed design for the Dewey medal. The Tiffany company will cut the dies and strike the medals in copper; 1635 in all.

Upon the obverse is a lifelike presentment of the head of Commodore Dewey, with the following inscription: "The gift of the people of the United States to the officers and men of the Asiatic Squadron under the command of Commodore George Dewey." Upon the reverse, surrounded by the words, "In memory of the victory of Manila Bay May 1 1898," is the figure of a young sailor, stripped to the waist, who sits upon a gun, with the flag across his knees, and one foot resting upon a swinging loop of rope. In this beautiful figure Mr. French has admirably embodied the genius of the episode in its highest and purest aspect—the spirit of the fleet, such as one's imagination may picture it to have been on that memorable morning, and also the spirit of the country on whose behalf it was going into action. The chief characteristic of the face is youth—the beauty, confidence, and pure intention of youth. In the pose of the figure are alertness, fearless uprightness, and the unconscious grace and composure of assured strength. The very disposition of the flag is suggestive. The moment represented is not the one of victory, but of preparedness thereto. The flag is not a menace to the world, nor under the pretext of its name is a policy of aggrandizement foreshadowed. It is safe in the keeping of Young America, and when the cause is right it will be uplifted.

OBVERSE. REVERSE.

MEDAL COMMEMORATIVE OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S VICTORY, TO BE PRESENTED TO HIS OFFICERS AND MEN.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY A. B. BOGART.

Such seems to be the suggestion of this beautiful figure. But its beauty, apart from the symbolism, is equally noteworthy. As a piece of decoration it is delightful.

Its placing in the circle secures an admirable balance between the varied portions and the flat ones very enjoyable to the eye. The strong horizontal bar formed by the cannon, low down in the space, lifts up the lithe figure of the youth, and gives it a dignity and sense of size very difficult to obtain in so small a compass. Again, the poise of that foot upon the rope—observe how exquisitely sensitive it is!—brings into the narrow space at the bottom an interest and distinction which make it contribute to the decoration of the whole. Lastly, the whole possesses that quality which is such a charm of low relief—"enveloppe" as the sculptors call it. Atmosphere is, perhaps, our nearest English word; the pattern of the decoration is not one merely of light and dark, but of several degrees of light and several degrees of dark, as if viewed through varying planes of atmosphere. The result is, though, not hard and gritty, but luminous, rich, and velvety. C.H.C.

LONDON

January 21, 1899.

THE reaction against imperialism and expansion has found a candid and creditable exponent in Mr. John Morley. In a series of speeches delivered in Scotland, the author of *Compromise* has formally broken with Lord Rosebery and his imperialist colleagues. Even Sir William Harcourt, his associate in an isolation that is not splendid, went to the London banquet to Lord Kitchener, and declared that "another brilliant page had been added to our history." Sir William Harcourt, on that occasion, praised the army that had been "able to create and maintain an empire wider than that which was ever guarded by the legions of Rome." There is an imperialist smack about these phrases, to which Mr. Morley did not find it convenient to refer. Notwithstanding the difficulties of the situation, however, Mr. Morley spoke out clearly and courageously. He has given to the distracted groups of politicians who now represent all that is left of the great Liberal party shattered by Mr. Gladstone materials on which they can form a judgment. Mr. Morley lifts up his voice in protest against the jingoism that has invaded his party. At first he refused to define a jingo, but declared he would be ready with a definition when those who asked for it gave him a definition of a "Little-Englander." Mr. Chamberlain promptly accepted the challenge. Within twenty-four hours the Colonial Secretary defined a "Little-Englander" to be "a man who believed that expansion carries obligations which are out of proportion to its advantages." Mr. Morley rejoined by a prolix series of definitions of a jingo, far too long to quote here. He is as destitute of humor as Mr. Gladstone himself. Mr. Morley opposes imperialism because, he says, it means militarism, the ascendency of aristocracy and class privilege, and other evils. He holds that peace will be secured by concession and conciliation. He ridiculed the Congregationalist ministers who welcomed the Tsar's manifesto as making for peace, and yet were careful to say that they did not believe in peace at any price. Mr. Morley denounced "the feverish clamor and shouting" over the Fashoda incident, and the whole series of his speeches implied that the country is going mad with the fever of excitement, vainglory, and jingoism.

I GIVE prominence to Mr. Morley's denunciation of British imperialism because much of what he says, whether true or not, is equally applicable to the condition of affairs in the United States, and because high personal character, trained intellect, historical knowledge, political eminence, and literary ability command for Mr. John Morley a respectful hearing from those who most keenly differ from his conclusions. Mr. Morley is mistaken in his facts. Nothing is more remarkable in recent events than the serenity and calm confidence of public feeling. Sir Nowell Salmon, one of the oldest and most distinguished of British admirals, recently said, "For the first time in my memory the nation has been brought face to face with the prospect of war without suffering from a war scare." This result is mainly, if not entirely, due to the motive power of active and alert public opinion, which has insisted on the assertion and maintenance of supremacy at sea. After two centuries of alternate activity and scare the nation has realized that the preparation of fleets and the organization of their personnel are the work of time. It is now recognized that when the day of battle comes it is too late to meddle with the navy. Nothing can be improvised at sea. The fact of the British fleet having been brought up to a high standard of efficiency and power enables the country to face the Fashoda, Newfoundland, Madagascar, and Waima disputes with France with equanimity. The "feverish clamor and shouting" attributed by Mr. John Morley to the English and Scottish people exist only in his imagination. No one supposes that Mr. Morley wishes to misrepresent anything, but he sees things through green spectacles. With him everything is colored by Irish interests. Nevertheless, the sincere and manly utterances of warning against vainglory and pride, against territorial expansion for its own sake, and a bastard imperialism which adds responsibility without increasing the welfare of the people, is a wholesome, if exaggerated, warning. Mr. Morley has fulfilled the true function of an opposition, although no nation has yet lived and thrived or achieved and maintained freedom and justice on the principles professed by Mr. Morley. Mr. John Morley is an interesting and even lovable personality; but the country will never quite forgive him for spelling "God" with a little "g" when he was editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and for the part he played in winning Mr. Gladstone over to the surrender that has shattered the Liberal party.

THE meeting of Parliament is preceded by the usual crop of speeches. It is strange to observe the unanimity with which prosperous politicians shun the condition-of-the-people question. The country is tired of the poor. Ten years ago slumming was fashionable. Parliamentary commissions were held on the Sweating System, on the Invasion of Destitute Aliens, on the Housing of the Poor, and on a dozen cognate subjects. Some legislation followed, but little good has been done. One-fifth of the inhabitants of London still occupy dwellings unsanitary from over-crowding. Within a mile of the Mansion House are masses of men, women, and children who are more truly barbarian than the Basutos, Sudanese, or the aboriginal tribes of the Himalayas. Greater interest is excited among educated people by Sir William Harcourt's attack on prelates who have found the Narrow Way a path to the House of Lords than in the ghastly failure of civilization in Whitechapel, Spitalfields, and most of the great towns and the great cities of England and Scotland. It is true that the country is prosperous, that the revenue is increasing, that philanthropists are active, that politicians are eagerly on the lookout for grievances that will tell with the voters. But the mass of national misery is appalling. It remains practically untouched by legislation. Over a million of our social failures are provided for in the workhouses. The sum of poverty and degradation outside the Poor Laws, inherited by this generation from its predecessor, is not being reduced. We are in a fair way to hand down to the next generation greater embarrassment and more efficient machinery for the manufacture of larger masses of human degradation. The national debt of the country is under $100 a head. In 1815 it was $225 a head. While liability for past expenditure has thus diminished, responsibility for our social failures has increased. In London alone the number of prostitutes exceeds the population of Albany. The folk without homes in London equal the population of Boston. Known criminals exceed one-third of the population of Memphis.

IT is economically untrue that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer; but the gulf between the Haves and the Have-nots is deeper and wider and blacker as education enables the latter to understand the contrast between their lot and that of the comfortable classes. I have seen men willing to work throw themselves down in the street praying for death to end the misery of want. I have heard the wailing of children locked lonely into a bare unsanitary room while the mother, all too soon after recent childbirth, seeks the wherewithal to feed them. From the cheap lodging-houses, from the railway arches, from the over-crowded tenements, rises an ever-increasing volume of inarticulate but unquenchable revolt against intolerable conditions of life. Statistics published by optimistic officials are satisfactory to those who wish to believe that all is well in this over-crowded island. Discontent is not a matter that lends itself to statistics. Discontent, however, is growing. For the present everything is quiet. Trade is good. The disinherited have no means of co-operation, no political pull, no leverage as against the prosperous members of the community. The combined efforts of all the churches and all the societies have undoubtedly produced certain visible effects, but the evils that remain are so enormous in their extent that the blindest and most preoccupied politician can scarcely fail to perceive that expanding trade, a strong navy, friendship with the United States, a settlement with France, and public and private charity still leave something to be desired if the British people are successfully to escape the charge of hypocrisy.

MYRIADS of children produced in reckless disregard of parental responsibility and plunged into an environment of villany and vice, with no play-ground but the streets, is a feature in English city life which attracts little attention, but it is as much a reality as the Sudan victories. The social reformers are no more in agreement than theologians themselves, though there is a general conviction that a great deal requires to be done. Canon Barnett, who has done brave and good work in Whitechapel for many years, has recently called public attention to the horrors of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, but, with the exception of one or two letters in the newspapers, has met with no public response.

ALTHOUGH there is no country in the world where the social revolution is less likely to take place than in England, there is national weakness and shame in the social condition of masses of our countrymen, and until a new Savonarola arises to rouse the national conscience, the tendency will be to go from bad to worse. Many of the younger members, especially on the Unionist side, in the present Parliament, are keenly alive to the social question, but the preoccupation of the country, and necessarily, therefore, that of the Prime Minister, in foreign affairs, renders them impotent, even if legislation could accomplish anything in a direction where nothing but change of character and of morals can be of permanent benefit.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The Clarke Collection

THE dispersion of a private collection is often a pathetic incident, fraught with many regrets. One felt this at the sale of the late Mr. Charles A. Dana's wonderful collection of Oriental porcelain. The man's own lifework was finished, and the children of his adoption, upon which he had lavished all the love of his leisure moments, passed into the hands of strangers. A unique and historically complete collection was lost to the world. But no such feelings attach to the forth-coming sale of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke's famous collection of pictures by American painters, which will be conducted by the American Art Association at Chickering Hall, New York, on February 14, 15, 16, and 17. Whatever Mr. Clarke's own feelings may be, the country will be the gainer by the sale. For twenty-seven years he has been buying pictures by American painters. When the majority of buyers were ignorant of

what constituted a good picture, or were distrustful of their own judgment and preferred to follow the advice of the art writers and dealers, this gentleman not only had an opinion of his own, but the courage to back it with his money, and attached himself loyally to certain painters in whom he believed. Later on, the slowly ripening sagacity and taste in art matters of the American public began to recognize these men as great, and museums everywhere are eager to acquire their works. To mention only one name: locked up in this private collection are no less than thirty-nine examples of George Inness, now generally acknowledged to be one of the finest landscapists that ever lived. It is safe to say that these works will bring at public auction five or six times the amount which Mr. Clarke originally paid for them.

Nor is this a sordid way of regarding the matter. Painters have got to live, and the buying of their pictures becomes an important feature of the art movement of a country. Then getting a return for our investments, whether of time, brains, or money, is a principle upon which human society depends. He who buys pictures is justified in using the same sagacity as the man who buys stocks. The point is that many men have qualified themselves by training to be good judges of the earning possibilities of a railroad, but very few of those of works of art. So they either bolt past a good picture like a wall-eyed horse, or shy at it like a nervous one. They take their cue entirely from dealers and art writers, thinking those men must be the best of advisers. But are they? It is the dealer's business to carry goods which are already in vogue and will fetch the highest prices. He can ask pretty well what he likes for an old master, and the sum will not be demurred to. Why, then, should he waste his time in trying to force American pictures upon an unbelieving world? Then that other sheet-anchor of the average buyer—the art writer—what has he been doing for many years? Booming French art. Rightly regarding French methods and French art as excellent, he seems to have become infatuated with them, and to have grown to think that nothing else is admirable, until he is like a man who has looked at the sun for some time, and can see nothing but yellow blurs, whithersoever he turns his eyes. Influenced by this perpetual laudation of things French, the public naturally have learned to believe that it is futile to look beyond them, whether for admiration or for purchase. The result is that most sheeplike propensity a fad, the whole flock following one old bell-wether. When shall we be able to think for ourselves?

This faculty must be set to the credit of Mr. Clarke. It led him to make a practice of visiting the yearly exhibitions, and of looking out for the work of young, unknown painters. Many a one has owed to him the heartening up which is caused by his first sale. Some of them have gone on from strength to strength, and these early examples of their unfledged genius are now prized either for their intrinsic charm or for their promise. Others have dropped out of the race, from one cause or another, and their very name awakes no recollection in a modern ear. Many of these pictures, therefore, will not fetch even the moderate sum that Mr. Clarke very likely paid for them, and will seem to be weak spots in the collection. But the thoughtful visitor will see in them proofs of the sincerity and singleness of purpose which have actuated Mr. Clarke's connection with American art. He has had a life-long belief in native painters, and has dared even to make mistakes of judgment.

Of the collection itself it is impossible to speak in detail, for it consists of four hundred canvases. Some of us will have the privilege of seeing it all together, for it is now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries in Madison Square, where it will remain until the date of sale. Writing in advance of this exhibition, it seems reasonable to expect that the room devoted to landscapes will make such a showing of this branch of painting, in which American painters admittedly excel, as it is seldom possible to obtain. To begin with, there are no less than thirty-nine examples of George Inness, representing every phase in his long life of earnest and constant endeavor to get closer to nature and to explore all the problems of his art. There is "The Rocky Dell," one of his earliest pictures, painted in 1849, when he was twenty-four years old, showing the influence of the engraver's art, to which he had originally been apprenticed, and lacking in that feeling of color which he afterwards developed so thoroughly. There is also "After the Summer Glow," painted in the year of his death, which occurred in 1894. Between these two periods of promise and matured fruition—for that last picture is ripe in knowledge and execution, and has no hint of failing powers—comes a sequence of examples, characterized by extraordinary versatility, and a corresponding completeness of vision and achievement in every direction. One may have seen many Innesses, and thereby fancy that one has mastered the resources of this man. It is not so. On and on, through his nearly seventy years of life, he varied in his moods and manners, even as nature, which he lived with, changes, and was always a student, even when he had become a master.

The steady growth to plenitude of purpose and power can be also traced in the work of Winslow Homer, of which there are thirty-one examples in this exhibition. It is interesting to remember that he was a special artist of the Weekly during the civil war. He has always been an ardent student of nature, using it first of all, however, as a setting for picturesque and dramatic treatment of figures. Many of them were executed at Scarboro on the Maine coast, where the perils and hard life of the fisher-folk furnished him with abundant inspiration. In some the sea is secondary to the human interest, but at last he is drawn to it for its own sake, and those splendid canvases, "Wood's Island Light," "Coast in Winter," and the latest one, "Maine Coast," have been produced. In these the majesty, power, weight, movement, and color of the sea have been depicted with a fidelity and imagination that make one bow to this man as great. They are the product of that old principle of success—devotion to one's art and to all its promptings. This is what has made Dwight William Tryon our foremost of living landscapists. He is represented by ten examples in this collection, among them "The End of Day," and "Moonlight: Dewy Night," beautiful in themselves, and interesting also as showing the evolution of his methods and purposes before reaching the very different achievement, illustrated in his landscape of last year, which won the first prize at Pittsburg.

Of seven Wyants, "Early Morning," with its silvery sky and cool green foliage, is a fine example of his exquisitely poetic manner. The intense feeling, sense of harmony, and power of building up the anatomy of a landscape which characterized the later work of Homer Martin are admirably displayed in "Adirondack Scenery," 1895, probably the finest of his five examples included in this collection. But these are only a few of the landscapes, and space forbids the mention of any of the *genre* and figure compositions. But nearly all our leading men are represented.

The first chapter of Mr. Clarke's connection with American art is closed. He ceases to be a collector. The next chapter will bring these pictures into the lives of a great number of people in various parts of the country, especially if the museums, as it is to be hoped they will, become the purchasers of many of the more important. In the event of this, the influence of the forthcoming sale upon the taste and education of students of art will not be exhausted in many chapters. Mr. Clarke's life work will be continued indefinitely.

Charles H. Caffin.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

INFANT HEALTH.

Inquiries prompted the publication of "Infant Health" in pamphlet form, by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., and the appreciation of its value led to an elaborate edition. Sent on application.—[*Adv.*]

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THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1898.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$34,724,277.55
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	26,063,423.53
United States Stocks, State and City Stocks, and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1898 (market value over cost, $11,478,910.73)	157,207,562.55
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1898, $14,520,910.00)	11,431,535.55
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	14,346,910.11
Cash in Banks at interest	9,056,737.55
Balances due from agents	252,786.50
Interest and Rents due ($179,646.83) and accrued ($369,524.37)	549,171.20
Premiums due and in process of collection	2,549,079.00
Deferred Premiums	2,187,815.00
Total Assets	**$258,369,298.54**

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1898, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1898.

Francis W. Jackson, Auditor.
Alfred W. Maine, 2d Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve) on all existing policies by Society's valuation (Computation by N. Y. Insurance Department $198,879,737, as stated below)	$198,898,259.00
All other Liabilities	2,160,550.27
Total Liabilities	**$201,058,809.27**
Surplus	**$57,310,489.27**

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$39,371,421.59
Cash received for Interest and from other sources	10,877,865.19
Income	**$50,249,286.78**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$12,982,474.76
Matured and Discounted Endowments	1,374,732.37
Annuities	567,905.38
Surrender Values	2,885,442.05
Matured Tontine Values	3,150,224.00
Dividends paid to Policy-holders	3,059,744.86
Paid Policy-holders	**$24,020,523.42**
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	4,558,406.67
All other payments, Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, etc	4,175,022.14
Disbursements	**$32,753,952.23**

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	**$987,157,134.00**
Assurance applied for in 1898	**$198,362,617.00**
Examined and Declined	**30,318,878.00**
New Assurance Issued	**$168,043,739.00**

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1898, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. Boudinot Colt, J. H. Dunham, T. S. Young, H. J. Fairchild, C. B. Alexander. } Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

In the foregoing Statement the rate of interest assumed for the future in computing the reserve on each class of policies corresponds with the rate which was employed in computing the premiums on the same, as stated in the Superintendent's certificate below.

If, in computing the Reserve on all outstanding policies, it should be assumed that only 3% will be realized in the future, the Surplus Assets after deducting all liabilities, would be $34,902,400.

The Society holds a larger amount of Assets in excess of Total Liabilities than any other life assurance company in the United States or Europe on similar computations.

All interest actually realized in excess of the rates assumed will be added to surplus for the benefit of policy-holders.

An apportionment of profits will be made as usual to policy-holders during the year 1899 in the manner specified in their respective policies.

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

J. G. Van Cise, Actuary. R. G. Hann, Assistant Actuary.

STATE OF NEW YORK, INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, JANUARY 31, 1899.

I hereby certify that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, and in conformity with the rates assumed in the calculation of premiums on the policies so valued, I have caused the policy obligations of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1898, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest; the American Experience Table of Mortality, at three per cent. interest; and the American Experience Table of Mortality, at three and one-half per cent. interest; and I find the same to be $198,879,737.

Louis F. Payn, *Superintendent of Insurance.*

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AMATEUR SPORT

IF ever a righteous bill went before the people, it is the one now under consideration at Albany which extends the jurisdiction of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries over "game birds and other wild birds useful to man." Only when some sportsman brings the matter to public attention does the average man or woman realize the enormous decrease in bird life throughout the United States. Slaughter of game

A. E. PILKIE,
Winner 2-mile Handicap.

E. A. THOMAS,
Winner 1500-metre Race.

birds in and out of season, under the guise of sport and for the market, has cleared some sections of them altogether, and made nearly all the species rare in the majority of localities where formerly they abounded. The passing of wild-fowl and of the pigeon, for the same reasons, is patent to even the casual observer.

But the most widespread and ceaseless killing has been of birds suitable for the trimming of women's hats. Literally hundreds upon hundreds of thousands have been killed by the emissaries of milliners, until our entire Atlantic coast is stripped of the terns, the egrets, and the many other species formerly numerous. Now the annihilation is going on along the southern Pacific shore-line and upon the coasts of Central America and Mexico. In the Hawaiian Islands several of the most beautiful of the native birds have become so rare as to be practically extinct.

At the present rate of their disappearance and under existing conditions there can be no doubt that a comparatively brief period will accomplish the practical annihilation of all our birds save those of the smallest species.

HOW considerable and extensive the diminution has already been, any one thirty-five or more years of age who occasionally has sought the country can amply testify. What the future will provide, unless proper legislation prevents, may be gathered from the fate of the bison.

It seems incredible that an animal abundant to so incalculable a degree could, for want of legislative protection, be swept by the million from the face of the earth. And yet consider the plains bison—extinct save for a few small preserved herds. Of the countless millions that thirty years ago roamed the North-American Continent, the only wild ones left are a herd of from about one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty of the variety known as the wood-bison, that range immediately to the southwest of Great Slave Lake, and are now fully protected.

Mr. W. T. Hornaday recently compiled a table which shows the decrease of bird life in thirty States and Territories to average 46 per cent., the maximum of 77 per cent. being in Rhode Island, and the minimum of 10 per cent. in Nebraska. No stronger argument than this recital of figures can be made to illustrate the need of strict protective laws. May they come quickly and throughout the Union!

ALONG with laws for the protection of our birds is needed stricter enforcement of those relating to the sale of game in close season. More needed still is a spirit of sportsmanship, of honesty, indeed, that will insure the sympathetic co-operation of individuals generally, and keep them from ordering game out of season. Dealers, of course, are influenced by the demand. If grouse are requested by regular and profitable customers, the dealer will secure them—from a cold-storage warehouse. But the risk of detection is such that the best dealers decline to run it. Moreover, people are learning that a cold-storage bird is tasteless, and not worth its cost. So the sale of game in close season is growing less and less.

For the instruction of the many to whom "close season" is a meaningless term, and who are unfamiliar with the law thereon and its penalty, I print a notice just issued by the League of American Sportsmen to cold-storage houses, game-dealers, hotels, restaurants, and clubs, directing attention to some pertinent provisions of the amended game laws of New York State:

CHARLES McCLAVE,
Winner 10,000-metre Race.

E. A. GALBRAITH,
Winner 3-mile Handicap.

The open season for the killing and sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse (partridge) is from September 1 to December 15, inclusive. The open season for quail is from November 1 to December 15, inclusive.

After December 15 it is unlawful to kill, sell, or have in possession any quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge), or any member of the grouse family, except that it is lawful to sell or offer for sale or possess such birds from December 15 to December 31, inclusive, if killed in season in this State or out of this State. Please note that all such birds must be disposed of by January 1. Violators of this law are liable to arrest for misdemeanor, and, furthermore, to a penalty of $25 for each bird killed, sold, or possessed. It is unlawful to sell or have in possession venison or moose meat after November 20.

The League of American Sportsmen was organized to aid the good work of protecting our game by employing all its power and activity, individually and collectively, in bringing every offender into court. Its members are devoted to the cause and fearless in their work. Many a restaurant and hotel keeper has entertained unawares a League member with game out of season—and been called into court the day

THE FIFTH LAP IN THE 1500-METRE RACE.

following for violation of the laws. Sportsmen who wish to do practical service for the protection of game are advised to join this League.

SOME excellent and needed amendments to the Maine game laws have been suggested by a committee of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, which will be made into a bill and offered to the next legislature for consideration. The Association committee has been very thorough in its work, revising and condensing all the laws touching fisheries and game, and reporting at considerable length, though in an interesting detail. The important changes refer to deer and moose.

1. No change is made in the law relating to moose, except to leave it discretionary with the court imposing sentence (for violation) whether it shall be a fine or imprisonment or both; and, in case of a fine, it cannot be less than $500. A calf moose is defined to be one not less than a year old and with two prongs to its antlers.

2. The open season on caribou, at present from October 1 to January 1, is recommended for limitation to six weeks—*i. e.*, from October 15 to December 1—to conform with the existing moose season. A most worthy recommendation indeed—many a caribou has been shot down by the alleged moose-seeking gunner. Killing of calf moose and calf caribou is absolutely prohibited.

3. The open season for deer is also reduced by cutting off the last sixteen days in December, making it from October 1 to December 15. A provision is also made permitting during September the "taking of one deer for food purposes only, and to be consumed by the party taking it, in the locality where taken, when accompanied by registered guide, under such rules and regulations as the commissioners shall establish from time to time." The fees for this privilege—to be used for the "benefit of the fish and game"—vary according to whether the applicant is a resident or non-resident.

PROVISION is also made for the transportation of game lawfully killed, without the owner accompanying it, by a system of tags, provided by the commissioners on payment of fees ranging from two dollars for a deer to five dollars for a moose. Sunday close time is abolished in the actual woods. Dealers in hides must keep a record of all hides purchased, from whom bought, to whom sold, and report annually to the commissioners.

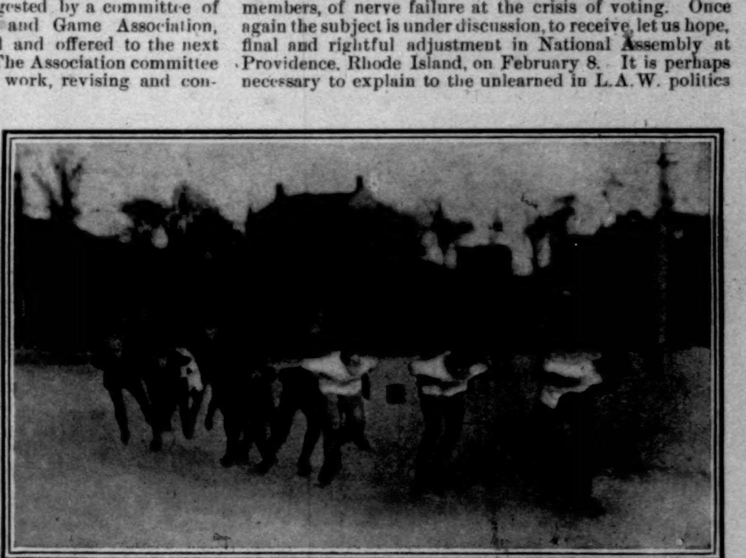
4. The sale of ruffed grouse and woodcock is absolutely prohibited, and "only ten of any one kind of game birds may be taken by any one person any one day." These may be sent home or to one's friends through the commissioner's tag system, each tag costing twenty-five cents, and passing one brace of birds.

A good fee is required of such as retail venison, and also of all hunting and fishing camp proprietors. They are in addition required to make an annual written report to the commissioners.

There are several earnest working associations of sportsmen in the country, all doing great service in the protection of fish and game. It seems that an annual general meeting at some central point would result in much good. Where it is possible the game laws of different and especially of adjoining States should be similar in language and in conditions imposed.

CONTROL of racing is a question that has many times convulsed the League of American Wheelmen, with no appreciable result other than decided symptoms, among members, of nerve failure at the crisis of voting. Once again the subject is under discussion, to receive, let us hope, final and rightful adjustment in National Assembly at Providence, Rhode Island, on February 8. It is perhaps necessary to explain to the unlearned in L.A.W. politics

START OF THE 10,000-METRE RACE IN THE DISTANCE-SKATING NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS, JANUARY 28, 1899.



THE LAST LAP OF THE 5000-METRE RACE IN THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS AT SPRING LAKE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

that the agitation is not over continued supervision of amateur, but of professional, racing. That abandonment of the present policy will result is the earnest wish of every amateur in the L. A. W., and of all sportsmen.

The "racing class," so-called, of the L. A. W., has always been its *bête noire*.

Since time out of mind it has harbored the dishonestly inclined among the racers, and carried corruption and politics in its wake. First we had the professional riding a particular make of bicycle under salary, and called an "amateur" by the L. A. W.; then we had the "Class B," or "manufacturers' amateur," enjoying all the privileges of a *bona-fide* amateur, and drawing pay in addition; meantime the professional—called "amateur" because of his own lies, the false statements of his manufacturer-employer, and the grace of the L. A. W.—drew increased salary by keeping out of "Class B." In other words, a premium was put upon lying by the L. A. W. and the manufacturers.

After a time, when the advertising value of "Class B" and other "amateurs" was exhausted, came the avowed professional class. There was no change in the personnel of the racers; they had been dishonest amateurs; the new order made them in name professionals—what they had always been in fact. Only it gave them another opportunity to lead an honest sporting life. The L. A. W. has always been so mindful of the racers—and of the manufacturers.

LESS scandal has assailed us since the L. A. W. tardily decided to call a spade a spade. Among professionals the chances for deception are fewer and the way not so pleasingly marked as in the old days of generous manufacturers and complaisant L. A. W. racing boards. Moreover, the racing craze that swept over the country has subsided to an extent. People are more interested in the decision of local amateur rivalries than in the faster performances of imported professionals, or in the advertised speed qualities of manufacturers' hirelings.

From the view-point of the manufacturers and some of the "prominent" L. A. W. members this is evidence of retrogression; but in very truth it is simply evidence of the wholesome sport spirit which is gradually spreading over the country. You cannot fool all the people all of the time; some are certain to discover fake sportsmanship and rebel. And, too, I have found the general sporting spirit of the country to be fairly healthful; now and again it wanders into the side-shows of the degenerates, but usually it returns with relief into the more wholesome atmosphere of the amateur.

WITH the development of a professional class has come organization of several associations throughout the country for the control of professional racing. None of them has so far been successful, which is rather because the public is not a very liberal supporter of professional cycling, than that the associations are not well equipped for the business of conducting such events.

There is a class of men in the L. A. W. who claim that the interests of amateur racing and of touring will be best served by the L. A. W. retaining control of professional racing. Some profess solicitude for the professionals themselves, on ground such as advanced by Mr. T. J. Keenan, Jr. (resident of Pittsburg, and the projected L. A. W. president for '99), that "professional promoters would use the riders just so long as they were able to make money out of them for themselves, and no longer," which is by no means convincing of the resultant good to amateur bicycling.

Others, like, for example, Mr. Howard Raymond, ex-chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board, declare that "the League should continue the conduct of both amateur and professional racing, as they possess the proper machinery to work with." A more plausible reason than that advanced by Mr. Keenan, but not a particle more convincing of benefit redounding to L. A. W. amateurs.

SPORTSMEN, of whom there are many among the members of the L. A. W., are not concerned with the ultimate disposition of the professional, nor with the efficacy of the machinery which the L. A. W. may have for his commercial well-being. What does concern us is how the L. A. W. is to be benefited by continuing to control professional racing. Neither the argument of Mr. Keenan nor of Mr. Raymond touches this side of the question, and (disclaiming personal criticism) both arguments are weak and intangible, because they represent the respective self-interests of the individual rather than regard for the sport; the one seeks votes, the other sells bicycles, and both, in the sense of racing control, are L. A. W. expansionists.

The business element in bicycling, from the very first days of racing, has been too strong and too sordid for the health of the sport. The Racing Boards, for a time, practically served the manufacturers' commercial purpose. The voice of the trade was dominant, and reached even to the legislative halls, and to its tools on the Racing Board. Deny it who can.

That was why professionals were called amateurs, why Class B was formed, and why the professional racing-class was taken under the L. A. W. wing. The prevalence and the influence of the business element are also why such strenuous opposition is now being made to the abandonment of L. A. W. control over professional racing.

WHY the League of American Wheelmen should assume itself to be the only body competent to satisfactorily control professional racing remains unexplained. Fact is, the L. A. W. members do not so regard themselves, nor do they wish any connection with professional racing. But the politicians of the L. A. W. are many and active, and the business element powerful and far-reaching, and these attend the Assembly in force, and have hitherto managed to guide legislation as best pleased them. Perhaps this year will mark the supremacy of the sportsman at L. A. W. Assemblies. Abandonment of professional racing will have forceful advocates in Sterling Elliott, Milo M. Belding, Jr., Isaac Potter, P. S. Collins, M. C. Rotier, all prominent L. A. W. members and officials.

That professional bicycling interests can be combined and cared for by a league, just as are those of the professional baseball-players, no intelligent man for a moment doubts. Already there are several such associations, and that more material prosperity has not attended their efforts is due to the meddlesomeness of the L. A. W., which in its obvious anxiety to control all the riders in the country, irrespective of their status, outlaws offending racers with one breath, and reinstates them with the next, in most undignified and inconstant manner.

The Southern Cycling Association, Western Cycling Association, California Associated Cycling Clubs, American Racing Cyclists' Union, and, recently, the National Cycling Association, are the organizations already existing for the control and furtherance of professional racing. Surely enough of them.

THESE associations singly and collectively represent the interests of the men who are engaged in bicycling solely for the money to be made out of it. They are the race-promoters, race-track owners, the racers themselves, track officials, book-makers, and scores of other hangers-on, including the touts. And it is these Messrs. Keenan, Raymond, and men of their persuasion would bring into the L. A. W., which is avowedly devoted to the racing and touring of amateurs.

None will deny that these associations are destined to some future tribulation, and their racing to periods of alternate success and failure. Professional racers will sustain good and bad times, just as do those who embark in any other business. Corruption, on occasion, will no doubt work its way into associations and on to the tracks. But what of it? That is the history of all professional sport. It has been true of horse-racing, baseball, pedestrianism; it will always be true of any sport men enter to make money.

Therefore, how absurd the argument advanced to keep the bicycle professional under the control of an amateur organization! How unfair to fetter the L. A. W. to a department which is certain to cause it daily anxiety, and some day to plunge it into disgrace! Professional bicycling has its place in public esteem, just as professional baseball has. It has its recruiting-fields and its spectators. There will be some confusion among the associations before they settle to normal business conditions, and some of them will go into bankruptcy; but time will bring the same system and businesslike methods, and, I imagine, as much success as attends the National Baseball League.

The L. A. W. should attend strictly to its own business; there is quite enough of it to keep officials busy.

SKATING championships for speed do not attract the entries they should, despite this year's list being better than the average. Perhaps the uncertainty of our winter weather has something to do with it; but I am inclined to think that the casual manner in which the event is annually held, and the repeated choice of the same locality for the race-course, are a great deal more responsible for the apparent apathy. I have always found abundant skating interest throughout the country. There are more skaters in New England alone than in any two other sections. Yet the National Association announces its races in the New York papers, and regularly decides its championships within an hour or two of this city, as though there were no skaters and no suitable race-courses elsewhere.

Either the site of the championship event should be moved from year to year, so all the skating centres are visited, or the Association should provide for the holding of sectional championships, the winners subsequently to meet in the national event, which in such case could be held with entire propriety in the neighborhood of New York. To a less extent the same is true of the figure championships. They should be held at different localities—going so far West as Chicago.

That is the real way to keep alive interest. There are skaters enough; the ponds and the riverways are covered with them wherever the mercury sinks to a respectable winter reading. We New-Yorkers are prone to forget that there are others.

ENTRIES for the 1899 championships, held on Spring Lake, at Poughkeepsie, January 26, 27, 28, included G. Bellefeuille (Rat Portage), pupil of McCullagh, the ex-amateur Canadian champion; James Drury and A. E. Pilkie, of Montreal; Harry Perkins and George Sudheimer, of Hamline, Minnesota; W. H. Merritt, St. John, New Brunswick; and, save Le Roy See, all the local notables.

Generally speaking, the heats were all hotly and closely contested, no individual revealing such emphatic superiority as did the Canadian McCullagh last year. McClave's performances were most brilliant. He showed not only endurance and a rare turn of speed, but consummate generalship—a faculty that perhaps gave him the 5000-metre race. It certainly was a considerable factor in his success in the 10,000 metres. Thomas did much good work, but though he was invincible in the shorter distances, he lacked the staying qualities in the longer events. Hornfeck made a clever win over B. McPartland in the first heat of the 1500 metres, but could not get a place in the final. Some likely youngsters showed in the novice one-mile race—won by Henry McMillan, 3 m. 34⅖ s.

The 5000 metres was a stirring event. Thomas, somewhat the favorite, because of his showing in the 500 and 1500 metre events, skated strongly during the first half of the struggle; later he fell and lost whatever chance he may have had; he also claimed a foul, which was not allowed. It is hardly likely Thomas could have secured a place even had he kept his feet. McClave, Drury, and Sager all had too much staying quality. Their race to the finish was splendid, scarcely more than a yard separating McClave, who finished first, from Sager, who crossed the line in third place.

GENERALSHIP weighed heavily in the balance of McClave's victory in the 10,000-metre event, for which there were nine starters. The pace was hot from the beginning, Gibbs, Thomas, McClave, and Pilkie alternating in the lead—Sager being close up all the time, though he fell once, and only recovered his position by a tremendous spurt that must have drawn heavily on the steam reserved for the finish. McClave throughout was content to stride with the leader.

On the thirty-sixth lap (with two more to go) McClave, Thomas, and Sudheimer fought for the lead, which McClave secured, and on the homestretch went away, rapidly followed by Sager and Perkins, who lapped him for thirty yards, but then fell back, McClave winning by three yards from Sager, who was as much ahead of Perkins. Thomas was fourth.

The ice was soft and slow the first day; a strong wind and good ice prevailed on the second; on the third the wind subsided, though the ice remained excellent.

Summaries of the National Championship events:

500 metres (546 8-10 yards). First heat won by G. Bellefeuille, Rat Portage, Canada. Time, 1 min., 1 sec. Second heat won by James Drury, Montreal A.A.A.; second, W. H. Merritt, St. John, New Brunswick. Time, 57 sec. Third heat won by B. McPartland, N.Y.A.C. Time, 59 sec. Fourth heat won by E. A. Thomas, Newburg Wheelmen. Time, 59 4-5 sec. Final heat won by Thomas; second, McPartland; third, Merritt. Time, 59 2-5.

1500 metres (1640 42-100 yards). First heat won by Max Hornfeck, Montclair Hockey Club; second, B. McPartland; third, George Sudheimer, Hamline, Minnesota; fourth, F. R. Sager, West Point. Time, 3 min. 7 2-5 sec. Four to qualify. Second heat won by Charles L. McClave, N.Y.A.C.; second, E. A. Thomas; third, Harry Perkins, Hamline, Minnesota; fourth, W. H. Merritt. Time, 3 min. 2 4-5 sec. Final heat won by Thomas; second, Sudheimer; third, Merritt. Time, 3 min. 6 3-5 sec.

5000 metres (5468 1-10 yards). Won by Charles L. McClave, N.Y.A.C.; second, James Drury, Montreal, A.A.A.; third, F. R. Sager, West Point. Time, 10 min. 22 3-5 sec.

10,000 metre (10,936 11-100 yards). Won by Charles L. McClave, N.Y.A.C.; second, F. R. Sager, West Point; third, Harry Perkins, Hamline, Minnesota. Time, 21 min. 36 sec.

McClave's skating career, though short, has been exceedingly brilliant; in '97 he won the twenty-five-mile championship in a snow-storm; in '98 he won the one, two, five, and ten mile contests in a single afternoon. There is not lacking evidence of his staying qualities. The figure-skating championships will be decided at St. Nicholas Rink February 14.

BOXING interest appears to have revived with the 1899 championships of the Amateur Athletic Union. It died ignominiously several years ago, because of professionalism among the boxers and disloyalty (to the A. A. U.) of athletic clubs. Sportsmen are glad to note the return of interest and the healthier spirit.

The class of entries, speaking of the individuals, was the best I have seen at such a meeting, and the average of their skill higher. The improvement in this respect over four or five years ago was most marked. Formerly the slugger type, pure and simple, constituted an overwhelming majority of the entries. This year, although the slugger was still, and ever will be, in evidence, yet he was not in majority or even the average.

By slugger I do not mean the hard hitter, but the windmill, hammer-and-tongs fighter, who throws science to the winds and goes in to "do" his man by main strength and awkwardness. His was a long-familiar type on the New York "amachoor" boxing-stage.

There is still a very general tendency to "swings"—a style of fighting that will always be popular so long as boxing skill does not attain the proficiency of straight in and out work. It takes an infinitely cleverer man to perfect himself in the higher grade of work, and it is correspondingly more effective.

SWINGS, however, are not always what they seem to be. The "hook" blow, introduced to this country by Fitzsimmons, has completely changed the order of swings in the last three to four years, and, I may add, very materially re-enforced that style of fighting. So also, to inexpert eyes, much that seems to be "swing" is in reality not so. The blow which to all appearances starts as a swing may, and nowadays usually does, end as a "hook."

The "hook" is directed from the elbow, and may indeed remain a "swing" until an imperceptible instant before delivery. Its momentous advantages are (1) deception of opponent up to very delivery—a lead for the body may without loss of time or motion or force be directed instantly at the head; (2) getting in over a straight-arm guard. "Hook" blows are always dangerous, but to a poor defence they are more telling than perhaps any other style in vogue.

As a rule, the defence of the average boxer is not so strong as his offence, hence we are so often treated to those "whirlwind" encounters in which each contestant concerns himself more with landing on his opponent than in saving his own mark from punishment. Such contests become questions of endurance; and of these we see perhaps more than of any other variety. The boxer who does not recklessly spend his strength, who keeps his head, and is always on the alert and in position to utilize his skill, is not frequently seen in the amateur ring. But the championships last week developed two such clean and forceful fighters in John Burns (125 lbs.), New West Side Club, and Joseph B. Knipe (heavy weight), Pastime A. C. They won, of course, and their clean straight hitting made the work of the others appear very mediocre.

Generally speaking, the judging was excellent, though there were a couple of surprising decisions, and none more so than that which rewarded the meat-chopper, slapping style of Terry in the 105-lb. class.

QUALITY of the wrestling was excellent, but number of entries did not suggest that decided interest apparent in this magnificent game four years ago.

The A. A. U. officials in charge of the championships are to be congratulated on their efficient management, and the handsome surplus, which will not only relieve all pressing A. A. U. needs, but give an ease not before enjoyed.

Now that the game is once again started, let the A. A. U. be certain no taint of professionalism is allowed to creep in, else once again interest will die. Fair play and unquestioned status are absolutely vital to the success of amateur boxing.

Boxing is a healthful, vigorous game, an excellent tutor of self-control, and a forceful settler of rowdyism. Besides, it is one of the best all-round developers of wind and muscle, quickness of the eye, and agility of the legs. It deserves encouragement; let us see that it gets it—generously, wholesomely.

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